McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1911 NO. 25

RIG HIT BY MERRY WIDOW TRAIN LAST NIGHT

Earl Pixley and John Griffin Escape Serious Injury.

HORSE HAD TO BE KILLED

"Merry Widow" Train Crashed Into Rig at East Smethport—Rig and Occupants Thrown Fully 25 Feet—Buggy Completely Wrecked—Bad Crossing.

Last evening shortly after six o'clock an accident occurred at East Smethport which resulted in a horse being so badly injured that it was necessary to kill it, and the two men who were in the rig luckily escaped with slight bruises, when their rig was hit by the "Merry Widow" train at the crossing just this side of D. H. McAhon's store.

Earl Pixley of Crosby, owner of the rig, and John Griffin of Irish Hollow were going to Crosby and when they came to this crossing, not seeing a train, they started to cross it. The rig had gotten squarely on the track when the "Merry Widow" train, which leaves this borough for Larabee at 6:12 p. m., struck them. The buggy, horse and occupants were thrown about 25 feet over the small bridge near the crossing. The horse was so badly injured that it was necessary to kill it at once; the buggy was smashed to pieces, and Mr. Pixley was badly shaken up and his back was injured. Mr. Griffin escaped with a few slight bruises. An automobile brought the men to town where Dr. Hamilton attended them, and after a careful examination found that neither man had serious injuries, Mr. Pixley's injuries being the most painful, his back being badly bruised. But unless he has internal injuries which could not be determined last night, he will be all right in a few days.

This is the most lucky accident we have had to record in many a day. It is a miracle that neither man was killed, or even seriously injured.

The crossing at this point is a very dangerous one, the tracks running out from between two buildings, and is not guarded, there not even being a warning sign there. A person not familiar with the conditions would not know there was a crossing at that point until he was upon the track. Mr. Pixley claims the train gave no warning of its approach, or if it did the buildings there shut it off in such a manner that it was impossible to hear it. Taken all in all it was very lucky. The dead horse was valued by Mr. Pixley at $250.00, and is quite a loss.

In our opinion this crossing should be guarded in some manner before a more serious accident happens, which will be the case if some sort of a warning is not placed there.

ARMSTRONG-OVIATT.

Popular Couple Spring Surprise on Their Many Friends.

The many friends of M. L. Armstrong and Miss Sarah B. Oviatt were agreeably surprised when it became known that on Saturday, June 17, 1911, at about 9 o'clock p. m., they were united in marriage in the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. J. W. McGavern officiating. The couple was attended by Mr. and Mrs. George Schroth of this place.

Mr. Armstrong is the popular local Western Union manager and has conducted a jewelry store on Main street for the past 46 years, during which time he has made friends with every person in this section.

The bride is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Behman Oviatt, and has always lived in this vicinity where she has a host of friends.

This well known couple are pleasantly domiciled in the home of the bride on Mechanic street.

The many friends of this popular couple will unite with The Miner in extending congratulations and well wishes for a long and happy married life.

Mr. Herbert Radcliff will shortly call upon you to demonstrate "Silver-Clean Pans." I have tested these and found them a great labor saver. They are being sold for the benefit of Grace Episcopal church of Ridgway.

1t MRS. J. K. P. HALL.

Subscribe for The Miner.

CORONATION & FROG BANQUET.

Held at the Home of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gallup in Keating Township.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gallup of Keating township entertained a merry company of Frogs, friends and neighbors, all of the male persuasion, at their commodious country home last Tuesday evening.

The Smethport contingent assembled in front of the Frog Building early in the evening and, escorted by the Odd Fellows band and a detachment of police, proceeded on their way to the Gallup farm. The band rendered music in a pleasing manner and the procession had an enlivening effect on our otherwise quiet Main street and also on the hind legs of all the Frogs of the universe. The trip to and from the farm was made in the automobiles of Messrs. Charles McKean, J. Clayton Backus, Ralph E. Burdick, J. S. Walker and W. H. Gallup, and was a pleasant one.

Arriving at the home of our host the party was escorted into the parlors where the other guests of the evening were already in waiting and a brief time was spent in renewing old acquaintances and in preparing for the invitation to the dining room.

Upwards of thirty covers were laid for the banquet which was served at ten o'clock. The tables were arranged in the form of the letter "F," in honor of the Frog guests, and were beautifully decorated with flowers, frog ponds filled with water, mosses and ferns in which miniature frogs, swaps and fishes were discovered. The place cards were tasteful creations of Miss Ella Gallup, and each guest was thereon faithfully depicted as a frog and in this pleasing way the Frogs and other guests were enabled to find their appointed places around the banquet table. After toasting mine host Gallup, the command was given to "eat, drink and be merry," and the order was at once carried out. The fame of Mrs. Gallup as a provider of that which is good for the inner man had preceded her, but the realization pleased the guests beyond measure. The repast afforded the fortunate ones on this occasion has seldom been excelled in these parts; from the delicious spring chicken, and salads through the different courses, to desserts and coffee it was a constant revelation of the deft hand of a past master in the art of cooking and well calculated to satisfy the taste of those most exacting epicureans—the Frogs.

It was a great plasure to meet Mrs. Gallup, the guests could easily understand why she was the lady of his choice, and all wished them much happiness in their voyage through life and although a few weeks late, a suitable wedding gift was presented the host and his estimable wife by F. D. Gallup on behalf of the Frogs.

Aside from the banquet and other pleasant features above noted, this was a memorable occasion in Frog circles, on account of the successful meeting of Frog Swamp No. 1, held at the same time and place. This is Coronation week in London, but the Frogs, not to be outdone, went into executive session and for the first time in their history had a CORNATION of their own, and now mine host Gallup in addition to being burdened with the title of "Supreme Congenial Frog of the Universe," is also "King of the Frogs."

As the local press was completely subsidized and muzzled on this occasion we are unable to give a detailed account of this imposing ceremony as put on by the local Frogs, however, it was a gorgeous pageant, the Frogs, Peepers and Polly Wogs, were resplendent in their purple robes and all promised faithful allegiance to their new King, who was duly crowned and annointed with wart-juice and decorated with all the orders of Frogology. It is doubtful if the new King of England with his royal court, will ever be happier than "King Lin" and his guests were on this occasion.

In the "wee sma' hours" of morning, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung and good byes said, and the happy party wended their way home, better content with the world. May King Lin and his estimable wife enjoy many years of happiness, on their broad acres in Keating township is the wish of ye editor and the Frogs and all those who were so fortunate as to be the guests on last Tuesday evening.

Prussian Wheat a Success
on the Chrisman farm in Eldred. 15 acres. Hardy as the oak. Drouth, Frost, Poverty Soil, Pigeons, etc., don't kill it. It is worth looking at. This wheat came from Montana; was planted in October and is a surprise to all. 50 bushels already promised to one man for seed.

A PLEASANT TRIP.

Ye Editor Automobiles Through Northwestern Part of Pennsylvania.

Last Saturday afternoon ye editor returned from a trip covering ten days through the northwestern part of the State, the trip being made in an automobile. During our trip we drove something over 600 miles of country roads and had a chance to compare the roads of McKean county with those of Warren, Erie, Crawford and Mercer counties and we have no hesitency in saying that those of our own county average up pretty well with those to be found in the above-named counties.

The first day we ran from here to Linesville in Crawford county, a distance of 140 miles, and were accompanied by Mrs. Backus, Miss Clarisa and F. J. Shattuck, father of Mrs. Backus. We went via Kane, Warren, Corry, Union City, Cambridge Springs and Meadville and most of the road was very good. In some sections we found rather rough road but these were where they had just been worked or entirely neglected.

In a trip from Linesville to Sharon we found the worst roads of any of our travels. For two or three miles in Crawford county great piles of sod had been thrown haphazard in the center of the road and they had been left there without any attempt to level them off until the grass had grown at least six inches. The road was so narrow a vehicle cannot dodge these sods and the bumps a person gets while driving over them will long be remembered.

One day we paid a visit to Erie where we attended a ceremonial of Zem Zem Temple of the Mystic Shrine and it is needless to say that we spent a very pleasant evening with this fraternal organization. During our stay in the city we paid a visit to the new Masonic Temple and was shown through this large six story building. This one of the most magnificent buildings in that thriving city and the view to be had from the roof is well worth the trip.

We also had the pleasure of listening to part of a sermon by Billy Sunday, who is holding revival meetings in that city. He is a plain forceful speaker who is not afraid to tell the truth as he sees it and the mammoth crowds he is drawing are given something to think and talk about. He is holding his meetings in a large temporarily erected tabernacle.

We also made visits to Exposition Park and Conneaut Lake and on Thursday last spent an afternoon fishing. Luck was not the best but we managed to land one salmon fully 18 inches long.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of Valley Grange, No. 1190, held on June 3d, 1911, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, that we hereby declare our entire satisfaction and admiration of the acts of our representatives in the General Assembly, Hon. Edward R. Benson and Hon. R. W. Hilton, who by their vote upon the different bills brought before the Legislature, did show the fact that they had the rights and benefits of the people always in view, and although in the minority acquitted themselves with honor,

Be it further resolved, that we present the above resolutions to the McKean County Pomona Grange for their approval, and that a copy of the same be sent to two or more county papers for publication.

Respectfully submitted,
L. A. PATTERSON, Master.
Attest: W. H. ROEDER, Secy.

At a regular meeting of McKean County Pomona Grange, No. 53, held at Crosby on June 7th, 1911, the above resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted.

A. T. LARSON, Master.
Attest: JAMES BRAY, Secy.

GRANGE PICNIC PROGRAM.

To Be Held At Coryville on Thursday, June 29th.

The following program will be rendered directly after the picnic dinner:

Selection, Chadwick's orchestra.
Invocation
Selection, Chadwick's Orchestra
Address, A. Nedvin Detrich, editor of the Grange News.
Recitation, Gladys Nourse
Quartet, Smethport High School
Address, Congressman Geo. W. Norris of Nebraska
Selection, Smethport High School Quartette.
Selection, Chadwick's Orchestra.

After the program is rendered there will be a baseball game.

ROY KELLY REFUSES TO STAY DEAD.

He Turns Up Here After Having Been Reported Killed.

SOLDIER IN MEXICAN INSURRECTION

He Appears Among His Old Friends In Smethport on Monday Without Even a Scratch from His Mexican Experience—Had Some Thrilling Escapes—He Contemplates a Trip to Honduras to Take Part in Rebellion There.

Roy Kelly, the former Smethport young man who was reported to have been killed in a battle fought early in May at Juarez, Mexico, appeared unannounced upon his Smethport friends on Monday and proved himself to be very much alive and full of good soldierly vigor.

During a conversation with Roy Kelly he told us of a number of his thrilling escapes, among them the one where he made a get-away in the battle of Juarez where he was reported to have been killed. It is no wonder he was reported dead and the great wonder is that he lived to tell the story.

He described another battle in which Captain Madero, brother of the insurrecto leader, General Madero, was killed. Kelly was with him at the time. A small force of insurrectos were trapped in an adobe village and nearly three-fourths of their number were killed or wounded. Roy broke and ran for it and he stated that he made nearly a mile in record-breaking time amid a continuous shower of bullets, but luckily got away without a wound.

He is well posted on the condition of affairs down there and seems to like the war game as well as any happy-go-lucky soldier of fortune as ever lived. He says he is getting lonesome in this quiet country and is thinking of striking out for Honduras if the threatened rebellion in that country amounts to anything.

In the time that he has been away from Smethport, Kelly has had any amount of interesting and thrilling experiences and he can entertain his friends with stories of his travels in a way that holds their close attention.

C. C. MOSES DEAD.

Passed Away Last Thursday Night at Home in Eldred—Age 95 Years.

Calvin C. Moses died at his home on Bennett street at 8:30 last night, after a long struggle against the infirmities of old age. In his death McKean county loses one of its oldest residents, and Eldred a reverend citizen who has been actively associated with its interests for many years. In spite of advancing years the deceased has shown great vitality and up to within a few months ago had been in his office as Justice of the Peace much of his time, but age was insidiously wearing vitality and his last days were spent patiently awaiting the end, under the careful ministrations of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Moses, and friends.

Deceased was born in Lima, N. Y., February 11, 1816. When five years old his parents moved to Cuba, N. Y., where he was reared. He came to Eldred in 1834 where he has claimed his home with the exception of four years (1836-40) when he resided in Olean. He was engaged in lumbering and farming, and in 1861 with Capt. Cory of Coryville, raised Company H of the 58th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, being mustered in as first lieutenant and promoted to the captaincy in 1862. Later he was taken prisoner and for twenty months suffered the horrors of Southern prisons, ten months of which were in the noted Libby stockade. After parole, he was honorably discharged from the service May 1, 1865. In 1839 he married Emily A. Haight of Richmond, Pa., and eight children were born to them, three of whom survive, Albert R. Moses, Mrs. J. C. Wolcott and Elizabeth Moses, of Eldred. "Squire" Moses, as he was familiarly called, had been justice of the peace in Eldred borough for over 40 years, and was without doubt the oldest justice in the state. He was a member of the local F. & A. M. and G. A. R., and always closely allied with public enterprises, and he will be remembered as one of Eldred's best citizens.—Eldred Eagle.

AMERICAN CORN FOR CANADIAN LUMBER.

It is absurd to argue that the American farmer has anything to fear from such competition as the passage of the Canadian Reciprocity bill would permit. The disparity between the producing and the consuming capacities of the two countries is too great. All the food stuffs that the Canadians could under the most favorable conditions spare for exportation to the United States would not make any appreciable addition to the available supply. It would, so to speak, be a mere drop in the bucket and no one would be conscious of any difference. But there are some things we need of which Canada has a surplus and lumber is one of these.

There was a time when lumber was as plentiful here as it is still in the vast region to the northward, but as everyone knows that time has passed. The American forests of recent years have been disappearing with a rapidity which has become the subject of a well-founded apprehension. Thoughtful men everywhere recognize the serious nature of the situation which has arisen. They understand that the Nation has wasted a large part of its inheritance, that the era of abundance has closed, that a period of scarcity has opened, and that it has become absolutely necessary to conserve the forests which remain, and to proceed in a scientific and systematic manner to reclothe the denuded hills so that some provision for the needs of future generations may while there is yet time be made.

It is well that there has been this awakening and that something of importance is being done to repair the errors of the past, but the renewal of the forests is a slow process, and in the meanwhile, there is the current demand to meet and the current need to satisfy. With what difficulty this is being done is indicated by the steady increase in the price of lumber and while the pressure has to some extent been relieved by the use in building of steel and cement in place of wood, it is evident that we shall presently be forced to seek some other sources of supply wherefrom to supplement our failing stores. Such a source of supply and one of practically illimitable extent the Canadian Reciprocity bill would open up. There are in the Dominion millions of acres of densely wooded country still virgin to the ax and with the remission of duty for which the pending bill provides the deficiency of lumber in our own markets could and would be made good by Canadian importations.

This would work a double benefit. It would cheapen a necessary commodity, whose excessive cost is being more and more felt as burdensome, and it would facilitate the conservation of our natural resources, which all thinking men agree to be essential to the national welfare. And while we are buying their lumber it is proposed that the Canadians shall be encouraged to purchase our corn. This is a cereal of which the United States still raises more than is required for domestic consumption. It is not very popular in Europe, although it is becoming more so, but our northern neighbors like it as well as we do ourselves. They cannot grow it as successfully as we do, because their climate is not as well suited for its culture, and so they were obliged last year to supplement the nearly nineteen million bushels of their own production by importing from this country fifteen million bushels more.

Under a regime of reciprocity they would want all the corn the United States could spare, just as we should want all the timber they had to offer, and the profit to each country from the mutual exchange thus brought about would be quite immeasurable.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending June 17th, 1911:

Howland, Ray
King, Jos.
McCall, Mr. W. H.
McClintock, Mrs. Alice
Martin, Frank H.
Reese, Dr. J. G.
Roseblcom, Mr. M. L.
Sutley, Mr. E. T.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.
Fertilizer—65, 75, 80 and 90c per 100 lbs.
IRA L. TAYLOR,
Jun15-2t Turtle Point, Pa.

THE NEW MILK LAW.

It Protects the Consumer and Gives the Dairyman a Square Deal.

Harrisbugr, Pa., June 20.—In an interview, Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust, commented upon the new milk law, known as House Bill No. 646, which was approved by Governor Tener on the 8th day of June, A. D. 1911. This law, said the Commissioner, marks a great step forward in the interest of the householder and the honest dairyman. It puts the pump out of commission as a substitute for the good old brindle cow, and gives the town child a chance to get fair food. It drives the drug-shop out of the milk depot, and halts the deceptive thickener as it enters the door.

The law, the Commissioner adds, fixes the standard for milk-fat at 3.25 per cent. and that for total milk solids at 12 per cent., these being the percentages below which milk sold for household use, and to be served in hotels, restaurants and boarding houses, may not go. This is the first law enacted in Pennsylvania in which a milk standard for the entire state has been fixed. It is worthy of note also, said the Commissioner, that the standard thus set is identical with the National milk standard governing the milk trade between the states. Ths standard was proclaimed by the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States under authority of Congress, upon the recommendation of an expert commission who had studied the milk laws of the various cities and commonwealths of the Union, as well as the composition of milk of known purity from thousands of dairy cows of all breeds and from all parts of the country.

The law interferes, however, with no fair trade in any wholesome milk or milk products. Skim milk, when clean and wholesome, may still be sold, if sold as such, for household use and milk yielded by cows of low fat strains may easily be brought to standard by the use in the herd of cows producing fat-rich milk, or may be sold to the creamery as heretofore on the basis of its actual analysis.

The Commissioner further states that this law also improves the standard for cream, bringing up the requirement to 18 per cent., as in the National standard, and prohibits the sale as "cream" of a mixture of cream with evaporated or condensed milk, or with any other substance having the effect of increasing its thickness or consistency. The analysis of the creams recently on sale in the state show clearly the fairness of this standard.

The Commissioner expresses the hope that the press may give the fullest publicity to these facts so that the milk dealers may all be informed of these changes in the law and may guard against any transgression of the requirements.

MAKES APPOINTMENTS.

Governor Tener Approves Full Crew Bill Affecting Railroads.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 20.—Samuel D. Foster of Pittsburg was last night chosen chief engineer of the state highway department. The place was created by the Sproul bill.

The governor also reappointed P. C. Boyle, Oil City, and Edward K. Rowland, Philadelphia, members of the state board of charities. This is Mr. Boyle's fourth consecutive appointment on the board.

The full crew bill presented to the legislature by Representative Fred C. Ehrhardt of Scranton, and urged by the railroad brotherhoods, was approved by the governor last night. The act will take effect in thirty days and requires an increase of force and changes in equipment by the railroads.

The Alter privilege bank bill was also approved. It requires all private bankers to tke out a license from a board consisting of the state treasurer, secretary of the commonwealth and banking commissioner. He also approved the joint resolution proposing a conference of neighboring states respecting taxing of oil, gas and bituminous coal.

Dog Tax Collector Appointed.

"Doc" Alphaes Hazen has been appointed Dog Tax License Collector by the borough council for Smethport and all persons not having 1911 tags for their dogs will procure same of him at once. Anyone refusing or neglecting to procure the necessary tag will be dealt with according to the borough ordinance relating to tagging and taxing dogs.

J. C. BACKUS,
Acting Burgess.

The Smuggler's Treasure

An Encounter With a Ghost on Eastern Island

By Howard Fielding

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My story of finding buried treasure on Eastern Island, in Penobscot bay, includes two other adventures much more interesting than mine, and both are essential parts of the record, because one of them explains the presence of the gold and the other shows how I happened to go in search of it.

Sixty years ago or more, in the forties and fifties of the last century, smuggling was a rather lively industry along the Maine coast. Seizures of $40,000 or $50,000 in value were occasionally made, and life aboard a revenue cutter was not destitute of romance, spiced with the smoke of gunpowder.

There was a brigantine called Les Trois Freres, presumably French, unless she was an out and out pirate, which gave the authorities much trouble, but was never captured. Her master's name, undoubtedly assumed, was Jacques Lenoir, a burly sea dog almost as dark as a negro, with conspicuously white teeth and a crispy curling black beard.

GIL SAW A KNIFE IN HIS HAND.

In May of [illegible] the Trois Freres was observed at anchor under the lee of Gunner's Island in a hard easterly blow, and the news was brought to Castine, where the revenue cutter was snugly harbored in the storm. In the early morning hours a heavy fog shrouded all things. In the midst of it the cutter got under way, but was soon totally becalmed. A boat with muffled oars towed the vessel some distance, and she was supposed to be nearing the smugglers' anchorage when a voice hailed cautiously in French and there was Captain Lenoir and two of his men in a dory close aboard.

No doubt Lenoir had mistaken the cutter (a topsail schooner) for his own brigantine, but he perceived his error instantly and tried to get away. He was fired upon and wounded along with one of his sailors, and the dory was captured by the boat's crew that had been towing the revenue vessel.

The point that chiefly interests me is that Lenoir dropped a crumpled piece of paper into the bottom of the dory, probably supposing that he was throwing it overboard, for he was not fully conscious, and that a sailor of the boat's crew picked it up and put it into his pocket unperceived by anybody. Upon that paper, scrawled in rude French, is a sentence which may be translated thus:

"South point white ledge to tall spruce line forty mark thirty west."

After capturing Lenoir the cutter sent out two boats in search of the brigantine, but did not find her, doubtless because the shots had been heard, and the Trois Freres had slipped her cable and drifted or been towed away in the fog. Lenoir and his two men were detained for some weeks, during which time the captain recovered from his wounds, and then all three were released and took passage for some port in New Brunswick in a small vessel that was never heard of afterward.

While the three prisoners were in custody a story was circulated that the Trois Freres, when seen at anchor, had already landed her cargo and that Captain Lenoir had been paid for it in gold; that, finding himself becalmed and knowing that the cutter was after him, Lenoir had put the gold into a sea chest and had buried it on Gunner's Island. In consequence of this tale there are pits in the sandy soil of Gunner's Island even to this day.

One man who heard the story did not waste time digging on Gunner's Island—the sailor who had found the paper. He was a shrewd youth named Gilbert Barker, commonly called Gil, then about eighteen, and not without education. His acquirements included a few words of French, enough to enable him to get an idea of the value of the document which he had found and to assure him that it did not refer to Gunner's Island, upon which there was no "white ledge" and no especially tall spruce tree.

Gil knew that Lenoir's anchorage had been between Gunner's and Eastern islands and nearly as convenient to one as to the other. Gunner's was much more frequently visited. There were two fishermen's huts on the shore, as Lenoir could readily see, but the other island had no sign of habitation, chiefly because there was no water on it. Moreover, there was a ledge of white rock on the highest part of Eastern, with a very tall spruce tree near by.

Gil's service on the cutter kept him a prisoner, and the days dragged on. Lenoir and his seamen were released and sailed on the little fishing smack, which was speedily reported lost in a gale. A rumor arose that his ghost was already haunting Gunner's Island and had been seen standing on the water at the point where his brigantine had lain at anchor. "Probably walking across to Eastern," said Gil to himself when he heard the tale.

He was as superstitious as most people of his class and time, but his chief anxiety was based upon the possibility that the figure seen on Gunner's Island might have been the real Lenoir and not a ghost. Immediately upon hearing the story, therefore, Gil was taken sick, and the revenue cutter sailed away upon an errand of Uncle Sam's without our friend's services. Then Gil started on his expedition with all possible secrecy.

His boat was already in an out of the way cove, with a basket of food, a jug of water and some digging tools concealed on board, and in the late forenoon he set forth to seek his fortune. When he got out into the bay the fog was advancing, a vast gray pall over a black water streaked with lead color. The wind was against him. His boat compass was of little use, and when he stumbled upon Eastern Island near the close of the afternoon he was amazed to find that it was not some other land.

Gil made a sort of camp in a thick clump of spruce trees, weaving some boughs for a shelter overhead and laying others on the ground for his bed. Here he deposited the basket of food and jug of water with the spade and pickax, and as there was still some light he decided to have a look at the white rock and the tall spruce. In the fog he lost his way and approached the spot by the most inconvenient access, finally scrambling up a steep bank to the top of the white ledge.

When he rose from all fours after this scramble he saw, barely ten feet distant, the seafaring man with the black beard. This must have been a considerable shock to Gil, and I doubt whether his nerves were ever in normal condition during the remainder of his adventure. He seems to have believed at first that what he saw was a ghost, and, though he himself carried a double barreled shotgun while the apparition bore no weapons, Gil had no thought that the advantage lay with him. He advanced because he dared not stand so near the edge of the steep rock, and he tried to circle his adversary merely with the idea of getting into a better position for retreat.

The figure remained still, except that it turned slowly to keep its face toward Gil; then suddenly it rushed upon him. He saw a knife in its hand.

Of the struggle which ensued Gil retained no accurate memory except of the enormous relief which came to him at the contact with a human body. This was not a ghost—it was a man. The knowledge ran through Gil like fire in his blood and gave him a giant's strength. Yet it was his adversary and not himself who was probably responsible for the result. Gil is sure that he did not fire his gun; it went off while the other was trying to wrench it away, and there lay the black bearded man dead in an instant with such a wound as blanched Gil's lips to describe more than fifty years afterward.

Gil took one look at this horror and fled. He ran until the limits of the island checked him, and then, collecting a part of his wits, he tried to find his way back to his camp.

The last daylight was now dying in the gray sea fog, and Gil could see not more than ten feet before him. He must therefore have been very close upon the second apparition when he perceived it. The seafaring man with the black beard stood in his path, precisely as Gil had seen him first upon the rock, except that his breast was now stained crimson.

"This is a ghost for sure," thought Gil, and fled again. "He wasn't a ghost before, but now he is. I've killed him, and I'm haunted by him."

By chance he ran toward the ledge, and when he burst through some bushes and found himself almost upon the spot where the encounter took place a dreadful curiosity took possession of him. Did a ghost use his own body or another one? Was the corpse upon the rock or walking? He went to the spot where the body had lain, and it was gone. This was conclusive; the man's ghost was using it.

Gil found his way back to his camp. He had been shaking as if with cold; he was now burning with fever. Thirst consumed him, and he thought first of his water jug. It was gone.

As he had come toward the camp he had been conscious of being attended by the specter, although it remained invisible except for one instant at the very last. Gil had then seen it or had imagined that he saw it and had rushed in pursuit, he knew not why. But this had been a brief folly, and he had not gone far. The ghost meanwhile must have stolen the water jug, a fearful vengeance, for there was not a drop of drinkable water on the island.

"I can't stay here," said Gil. "I'll die."

He left all his possessions except the gun and made his way toward his boat. Thirst now that he knew there was no water to be had was tenfold more intense.

When he came to the beach and saw the mast of his boat with the sail brailed upon it he felt a sense of safety, followed instantly by the most dreadful terror. The boat was some distance from the shore and was floating slowly away in the light air under the lee of the land. This, indeed, was death visibly confronting him. Without a moment's hesitation he flung down his gun and plunged into the water.

The boat was moving slowly. He overtook it without great exertion. He was an exceptionally expert swimmer and of such vitality that the cold of those waters did not affect him excessively. It was with vast relief that he raised up his hand and grasped the rail of his boat. But instantly a black bearded face appeared above him, a hand seized his wrist, and he was thrust back into the sea.

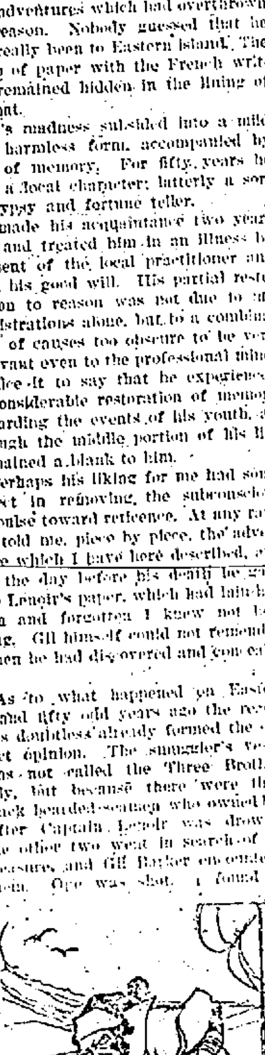
This is the extent of Gil's recollection. A gap of several years succeeds. I know from other sources that he swam to Gunner's Island and was found there unconscious the next day. When revived he was out of his wits and raving about Lenoir's ghost. It was supposed that he had gone to Gunner's Island to search for the treasure, had capsized his boat and swum ashore and had encountered supernatural adventures which had overthrown his reason. Nobody guessed that he had really been to Eastern Island. The scrap of paper with the French writing remained hidden in the lining of his hat.

Gil's madness subsided into a mild and harmless form, accompanied by loss of memory. For fifty years he was a local character; latterly a sort of gypsy and fortune teller.

I made his acquaintance two years ago and treated him in an illness by consent of the local practitioner and won his good will. His partial restoration to reason was not due to my ministrations alone, but to a combination of causes too obscure to be very relevant even to the professional mind. Suffice it to say that he experienced a considerable restoration of memory regarding the events of his youth, although the middle portion of his life remained a blank to him.

Perhaps his liking for me had some effect in removing the subconscious impulse toward reticence. At any rate, he told me, piece by piece, the adventure which I have here described, and on the day before his death he gave me Lenoir's paper, which had lain hidden and forgotten I knew not how long. Gil himself could not remember when he had discovered and concealed it.

As to what happened on Eastern Island fifty odd years ago the reader has doubtless already formed the correct opinion. The smuggler's vessel was not called the Three Brothers idly, but because there were three black bearded seamen who owned her. After Captain Lenoir was drowned the other two went in search of the treasure and Gil Barker encountered them. One was shot. I found his moldering skeleton. The other, after dragging his brother's corpse into some shelter, "haunted" Gil, but kept away from him in fear of his gun.


HE WAS THRUST BACK INTO THE SEA.

Perhaps the two had been set ashore upon the island and had no boat with them; perhaps their boat had gone adrift. At any rate, they probably expected to find water on the island and had begun to suffer from thirst. So the survivor took risks to steal the water jug from Gil and then stole the boat. He had just cast it off and got into it when he heard Gil coming. Fearing the gun, he lay down in the bottom of the boat and let her drift until Gil overtook her, swimming, when the last brief encounter took place.

Gil's boat was never seen again. Perhaps she sank with the last of the Lenoirs.

As for me, I visited Eastern Island and readily found the white rock and the stump of the spruce tree. I took a line forty fathoms long and fastened an end to the extremity of the white rock and the other to the stump. There was a good deal of slack. I had put a mark on the line at thirty fathoms, and I pulled this over to the west as far as it would go. At the spot indicated I dug diligently and eventually disinterred a sea chest in a fair state of preservation containing gold coin to the value of about $25,000.

I had bought the island for a song. Gil Barker had no heirs. The Lenoirs are lost in the mists of years. I regard the money as my own.

ETERNAL LOVE

A Test That Tried Two and Found One Wanting

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

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Helen Stanley believed that love should be immortal, that true love was immortal. But how recognize true love? If divorces only occurred between those who had made marriages of convenience it would argue that incompatability was only to be found among those who married without love. Miss Stanley knew well that many marriages between those who were infatuated with each other turned out unfortunately. Possessing ingenuity, she hit upon a plan of determining whether a case of love was true love or spurious. She treasured this plan in her mind for a long while, and when Ernest Gregory offered himself to her and she accepted him she resolved to put it into practice.

Her scheme was to betake herself so far as her lover was concerned, out of the world. He was to understand that she was dead. If he loved her with that love which was immortal he would never mate again. Having proved that he was hers and hers only for all eternity, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, she would return to him, and their mortal union would be a delight.

Miss Stanley was an orphan and possessed an income sufficient to enable her to go to some remote country and disappear. She made a will so that after her supposed death her property could not be administered until after she had had time to return to life and placed cash in a foreign bank sufficient for her expenses during her supposed residence in the spirit world.

When Miss Stanley informed her lover that she was about to go abroad he was much surprised and chagrined.

THE WOMAN COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS

Very much in love with her, he felt that the separation would be trying to him. She told him that theirs was an immortal love; that they were united not only for this world, but for the next. Therefore a separation of a few months should not be considered of much moment. She realized that after their marriage no opportunity would likely occur to them to travel; since he was tied down to the practice of his profession she had better make the trip before their marriage.

A refusal to assent to this would have been arrant selfishness, so Gregory gave his consent, resolving to get on without his love as best he could till her return. When he bade her goodby on the steamer he said to her:

"If you meet any one over there you like better than me don't hesitate to sacrifice me. I love you too well to stand in the way of your happiness."

"Ernest," she said impressively, "you know that I believe in an eternal love. My love for you is of this kind. It only remains to be seen whether yours for me is the same. If anything happens to me you are free to marry another. If you do it will indicate that your love for me is not the kind that I require. But heaven grant that your love for the wife you take may prove everlasting!"

There was something so spiritually elevating about these words that Gregory felt that if he lost her his life on earth would be blighted. If he had known that his love was to be submitted to a test he would have laughed at it as useless and absurd. He bade his fiancee goodby and rushed ashore lest his emotion get the better of him.

Miss Stanley went to Paris, where she ordered her trousseau. Her lover had shown such unmistakable signs of constancy that she did not doubt he would stand the test to which she intended to subject him. At any rate, she was ready to take the risk of procuring her wedding garments. From Paris she went to Gibraltar and crossed the strait to Tangier. There she fitted out an expedition to go on to the desert of Sahara.

Two weeks later the Arabs whom Miss Stanley had hired for the expedition returned to Tangier and reported that robbers had attacked the little caravan, murdered the American lady traveler and taken everything that belonged to her.

In reporting the case the American consul at Tangier said that Miss Stanley had doubtless been murdered by her own attendants; that it was a common occurrence for a traveler to be thus dispatched, his belongings appropriated, and in order to escape punishment the men he had hired would lay the blame on the robbers that infest the desert.

When Ernest Gregory heard of his fiancee's death his friends feared for a time that he would lose his reason. He sailed at once for Gibraltar, crossed to Tangier and interviewed some of those who had been with Miss Stanley at the time of the tragedy, with a view to discovering if he could secure the body. The rascals at once caught on to a plan for making money. They said that they had buried Miss Stanley's body in a certain oasis and would go and get it for a consideration. Gregory hired them and went with them. They dug up a corpse, but decomposition forbade opening the casket which contained it. However, they gave Gregory enough proof that these were the remains of the American lady traveler to convince any one not conversant with the Bedouin conscience. Gregory took the precious relic to America and deposited it in a cemetery where he could visit it frequently. Within a few months a beautiful white marble shaft arose over the grave with an appropriate inscription. On the reverse were the words, "Immortal Love."

Miss Stanley had tied up her property for five years, and they passed without a word having been heard from her. When the time approached for an administration of her property attorneys employed by her different relations began to take measures for a division of her estate. One morning Gregory, who was living a life such as she had indicated she would have him live, was treasuring her resting place on earth and looking forward to his reunion with her in heaven. One day he was laying flowers on her grave, and, looking up, he saw a woman and a little girl between three and four years of age gazing at him.

"Are you Helen in the flesh or Helen in spirit?" he asked.

Whether flesh or spirit, the woman covered her face with her hands.

"Speak."

"Mamma," cried the little girl, "what's the matter?"

Gregory advanced and, taking the woman's wrists in his hands, exposed her face

"Yes, you are Helen," he said, "and living."

"Mamma, come away."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Gregory. "Is this your mamma?"

"Yes. Come, mamma; let us go away from here."

"I see it all," wailed Gregory. "You left me to submit me to a test. You wished to know if my love for you was of that immortal kind your coveted. Look!" pointing to the shaft and the flowers on the grave. "Are you convinced?"

When he ceased to speak there was only silence. Then, with an effort, his tone changed. Taking the child in his arms, he kissed her and said:

"Pardon me, little one, for troubling your mamma. It is all over. Come, let us go away from here; the spot is hateful."

Leading the child, he started down a path that led to an exit from the cemetery, the woman walking beside him. Before entering the crowded street he stopped and said:

"One word. As I have lived so live I always. What with you has been mortal with me is everlasting."

Then they passed from the inclosure he never entered again

Helen Stanley during her trip to the desert crossed the path of a young American traveler. She confided to him her intention to disappear from the world, and he helped her to carry it out. His own men by his order attacked her party and drove them away. Then the white man and the white woman journeyed together to Tripoli. Before reaching that city Miss Stanley found that she had met her true mate. Deeply in love, she had no thought of applying a test. Indeed, she dared not do so, fearing to lose the man whose being was as necessary to her as the air she breathed. The period of her effort to remain faithful to her immortal love in America was of brief duration. They were married before leaving northern Africa, and Ernest Gregory was left to cherish the rotting corpse of a daughter of the desert.

The wife would probably have remained buried for the rest of her life had it not been that children came to her, and it became necessary for her to come to life in order to transmit to them their inheritance. She had lived in countries where she was not liable to be heard of till it became necessary for her to return to America to prevent her property being given to clamorous relatives. She had returned incognito, and, having heard that her "immortal" lover had erected a shaft over her remains, she had been seized with a morbid curiosity to discover the truth. She had found him at her grave and decided to take her punishment then and there.

Gregory remained wedded to an immortal love. There was nothing worldly in it. The woman he had loved died before him and left him a share of her property. But he declined to accept it, turning it over to her children. He had been disappointed in his worldly love, and with his spiritual love those things which pertain to earth could have nothing in common. He died as he had lived—in a wedlock of the soul.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.

State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.

Auditor General—Robert K. Young.

Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.

Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.

State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.

Members of Assembly—M. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.

Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.

Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.

Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.

Register—J. E. Eastman, Smethport.

Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.

County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.

Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.

Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.

Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adelt, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.

Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. E. Anders, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.

Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.

County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

District Attorney, Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.

Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. E. Blever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, M. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.

Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.

Constable—U. H. Foote.

School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.

Collector—M. C. Gleason.

Assessor—G. M. Hyde.

Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. M. Stark.

Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.

Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly; E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible] meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Duggan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. Y. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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— AND —
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JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's
Cut Flowers and Potted Plants At Brasted's
We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner
Smethport, Thursday, June 22, 1911.

Local and General.

—Are you an "apron-string", Frog?

—Fruit jars are advertised by Daly & Garlick in this issue.

—The hay crop in this vicinity is reported as rather light this year.

—Six young couples held a sausage roast on Town Hill Monday night.

—Born, to Prof. and Mrs. Burdette S. Bayle on Saturday, June 17, 1911, a girl.

—Anderson & Carlson, the shoe men, have a change of advertisement in this issue.

—A. A. Abbey is having a cement walk laid in front of his tenant house on King street.

—Fifteen young couples held a party at the Backus stone quarry last Monday evening.

—The crop of wild strawberries while rather small this year, more than makes up in the size of this lucious fruit.

—New telephone directories were distributed on Tuesday by the Bell Telephone Co., to its subscribers in this vicinity.

—The Larabee baseball team defeated the Farmers Valley team by a score of 5 to 4 on Sunday last at Farmers Valley.

—Hon. R. W. Hilton has had one of the barns in the rear of his summer home on the Farmers Valley road torn down and is having a garage built.

—Mrs. Peter Connolly entertained 8 young boys Friday evening at her home on Water street in honor of her son, Paul's, fourteenth anniversary.

—Fifteen young boys of this place are spending the week at Frog Camp in Hon. J. W. Bouton's cottage. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke has charge of the party.

—Last Friday afternoon Miss Leanore Lemmler fell from a bicycle in front on John Forrest's residence on West Main street, badly spraining her right arm on the pavement. Dr. Ostrander attended the injury.

—County Detective E. W. Jones has been spending a little time of late looking up gambling joints in Kane. It is said that one young man who conducted a room has left for parts unknown and that the others have quietly closed their doors.

—The many friends of Charles H. Brown of Bradford in Smethport and vicinity will regret to learn that he is suffering with a nervous affliction of the eyes which is seriously affecting his sight. However he is improving slowly and we trust he will be entirely cured ere long.

—The Chicago Post publishes the following information which is of interest to amateur gardeners: To prevent chickens from scratching up the beds, procure some fine Portland cement, mix with water and spread a six-inch layer over the garden. When this settles firmly it is impossible for even the most determined hen to scratch through it.

—Clarence Wolf, a small boy, was killed by an automobile near Erie last Sunday, and the occupants of the car made no attempt to stop and assist the unfortunate boy after the accident. The car is said to be "52117 N. Y." and the Erie county detective is making an effort to locate the parties. This license number was issued to J. Vernon Wanghouse, Westfield, N. Y.

—Mrs. George W. Fye of Coplay, Pa., was awakened from a bad dream at 4 o'clock Thursday morning by the sounds of a shot. She had dreamed that her husband, who had been despondent because he failed to recover after an operation, had committed suicide. He had been threatening something rash, and it weighed on his wife's mind. She rushed down stairs but finding nothing there hurried to the garret, where she saw her husband breathe his last, the man having killed himself by firing a bullet through his heart. Fye was 36 years old and an engineer.

—Upon our return home we found a program of a piano recital, entertainment and reception given by the Seger Conservatory of Music in New York, which presented "The King of Siam," a comic opera, together with an excellent musical program. The faculty in the Seger Conservatory of Music comprises twelve well known instructors among whom are William T. Seger, Lucy B. Seger and Edward C. Seger, all well known in Smethport. Mr. and Mrs. Seger having been residents of this place for several years. The Seger Conservatory of Music is is a large three story building on 187th street and St. Nicholas avenue, New York, and their location and the makeup of the performers on this program show that it is a popular and prosperous institution.

—Late Monday afternoon as an automobile was passing the front of the Lamberton National bank on Seneca street, says the Oil City Derrick, it struck a wooden brakeshoe that had dropped from a gravel wagon. Acting upon the same principal that a moist seed, squeezed between the thumb and forefinger, will be projected with great velocity, the wooden block was propelled from beneath the tire against the big plate glass window in front of the bank, going entirely through the pane and dropping on the floor inside, leaving a hole in the glass large enough to admit the head of a man of average size. The glass is about 7x20 and was only recently set in place.

—Monday morning as Expressman Charles McVean was delivering a package on King street, his horse became frightened and ran down Hill street to Main. As the horse hit the pavement its feet went out from under it and it slid across the pavement, knocking a large piece of skin from its shoulder. Little other damage was done. At noon, in about the same place, the horse of J. S. McCarthy, attached to his delivery buggy, became frightened while left alone for a few moments, and ran up King street to Union where it turned toward Main. When the animal struck the pavement its feet went out from under it and it slid across the pavement and crashed against the curbing on the other side of the street. One thill of the buggy was broken, which was the most damage done. It is supposed that both runaways started from the horses being stung by bees which are owned in that neighborhood and which have been swarming.

QUAINT EMBROIDERIES.

Fashionable Garments Ornamented With Sampler Effects.

EVENING COAT WITH CROSS STITCH.

Most of our garments are revivals, whether it is in the cut which harks back to the time of the first empire or in fabrics and decoration which are of all periods. Quaint indeed are some of the embroideries in cross stitch and French knots applied in quaint angular designs that recall the old patterns that our great-grandmothers' samplers depict. Blouse fronts and evening wraps, as well as household fancy work, abound in these odd yet charming effects, which are worked in carefully harmonized colors.

This handsome evening wrap is most suitable for wear with the brocades that are now so popular. White broadcloth is the material of the coat. At the waist a broad banding of French knots and cross stitch is put on in the form of conventionalized leaves and flowers. Bands of cross stitching are applied to the wide sleeves and the square sailor collar cut low in the back.

SUMMER BLOUSES.

Lingerie Affairs Elaborately Lace Trimmed and Embroidered.

The summer blouse for comfort and neatness should be of some easily laundered material, such as linen or lawn. Laces and embroideries are used in the decoration of these garments.

There are scores of blouses made of all over embroidery, and most of the models are exceedingly simple, the embroidery being handsome enough to serve as trimming and just a trifle of some fine lace being added at neck and sleeve edge as a finish.

LINGERIE WAIST.

Fichus are worn with many of these simple tub blouses, and sometimes fichu and blouse are trimmed alike, a very pretty notion.

The Magyar type, with its seamless shoulder and sleeve and its loose fall of material from shoulder to waist, continues to be the favorite blouse style.

In direct contrast to the tub blouses there are smart little blouses of heavy Irish crochet or the fashionable and expensive venise, which mold the lines of the figure without showing fullness anywhere. These lace blouses are mounted over chiffon cloth, sometimes in white, sometimes in delicate color tints, and a rather daring notion is to wear the lacy blouse over flesh colored chiffon. These lace blouses are exquisitely shaped, for without a trace of fullness the lines must be easy and unrestricted anywhere. Such blouses may sometimes be picked up very reasonably from the peasants who go aboard the ocean liners at Queenstown and peddle laces to home-going American travelers. In the blouse shops in America, of course, they cost substantially more, but such a blouse will pay for itself over and over and may eventually become a valuable heirloom, for Irish lace practically never wears out.

For the Children

Grand Duke Alexis In a Grenadier's Uniform.

Photo by American Press Association.

The above picture of the Grand Duke Alexis, heir to the Russian throne, was taken by his father, the czar. It shows the czarevitch marching out as an officer of the Thirteenth Erivan grenadiers. As heir apparent he is a member of several Russian regiments and sometimes dons the uniform of the halberdiers or perhaps appears as a private in the apparel of a private in the Brelomork infantry. The czarevitch Alexis is a hereditary grand duke and if he lives long enough will ascend the throne. He is the most closely guarded of European royal children. When he goes forth from the palace he rides in front of a Cossack cavalryman, while a guard of Cossacks surround him.

The Cedar Waxwing.

The cedar waxwing is one of the most beautiful of our birds, with its smart spring suit of brownish to greenish gray. Never was a bird neater in its appearance than the cedar waxwing, for each feather is kept carefully in place, and the trim gray wings are always nicely folded. The tail is gray, too, and looks as if the end had been dipped in a pot of yellow paint, for each tail feather is tipped with yellow.

A black band across the forehead from eye to eye gives the appearance of a pair of spectacles—perhaps the waxwing needs them so that it can find the cherries, which are its favorite dessert, and the bugs and worms which make up its weekly diet.

You will see the cedar waxwing flying around among the trees in flocks of five to a dozen and will perhaps hear its soft lisping call, which is often repeated rapidly a number of times. Look carefully and you may see the crest on its head or the red, waxlike tips of some of the small wing feathers which give the waxwing its name.

By Hook or by Crook.

If we have determined on the accomplishment of a certain object and care not how we obtain it, we say we will have it by hook or by crook.

This expression dates back to the old English days and refers to the old forest laws, which gave permission to poor people to gather wood on condition that they neither cut nor sawed the timber. Those branches which they could break or such sticks as could be carried away were theirs, but this was all they were entitled to.

To pull down dead branches or remove sticks from the underbrush certain hooks and crooked poles were brought into use. These in time came to be called hooks and crooks.

By their use the peasants managed to procure all the wood needed; hence the expression "by hook or by crook."

Arcady.

Beyond the alley corner,
Where only bricks can grow,
In close between the houses
A lovely place I know.

"An empty lot," said mother,
I saw some piled up rocks,
And there were dandelions
And grass and hollyhocks!

And it could be a garden
With little paths around,
And it could have a castle
High on a terraced mound.

And it could be a forest
Where blossoms hid the trees
Or p'r'aps a desert island
With pirate enemies.

But some one big has fenced it
With boards nailed up so high
That folks must reach on tiptoe
To see as they go by.

So I am saving pennies
As quickly as I can
To have enough to buy it
And pay the owner man.

Then all the little children
Who peep in as they pass
Shall play in my dear garden
Of hollyhocks and grass!

—Youth's Companion.

Points For Mothers

Plenty of Sleep.

From the age of five to seven twelve hours of sleep are necessary, and until nine years of age there should be eleven hours, which length of time should be continued until the age of fourteen, when the sleep may be reduced to ten hours. Children of a nervous, sensitive disposition might be allowed an even longer time, as should children of all ages when body growth seems specially rapid. Even the time of year makes a difference to the amount of sleep required, and all children should be allowed to sleep longer during winter than during the summer.

Children who suffer from great drowsiness need medical attention. Slight drowsiness demands attention to the state of the bowels, which may be constipated. Great wakefulness is likewise a serious matter and may be the beginning of brain trouble.

With regard to the bed, it is worth while to make an effort for each child to sleep alone, and on no account should a young child be allowed to sleep with a very old person.

A Child's Diet.

The famous French dietician, Gautier, is on record as saying that after the first three years of a child's life the addition of muscular tissue may and ought to be given to him in a very moderate quantity.

Roast mutton or lamb, beef, minced ham, eggs in all styles, creams and rice, vermicelli in soup, butter, thoroughly cooked fruits, stewed potatoes, green vegetables and cocoa—all of these are suitable.

He states that the exclusive use of milk tends to make fat, lymphatic, puffy children, capable of standing little. This is further accentuated by the abuse of sweetened dishes. It is also necessary at this age to avoid giving foods which are highly seasoned and too much salted. Fat fish (herring and salmon), dry fish (salted or smoked), mushrooms, crustacea or vinegars and spices, dry, raw, unripe or too acid fruits are unsuitable. Fermented cheese, alcoholic liquors of all descriptions and coffee and tea should not be allowed.

The Mollycoddled Baby.

A truly beautiful baby looks beautiful under any circumstances—either in winter's cold or summer's heat. Rigors of climate improve it. It is not like the coddled child, which has its special day.

Scientific rearing includes, among other paraphernalia, the feeding bottle with its measured ounces of special foods. Bottle feeding spoils the looks of a baby.

Several leading authorities have agreed that sucking the india rubber mouthpiece or "comforter" disorganizes the muscles of the face. It develops some of them abnormally and is also liable to change the shape of the lips and the angle of the jaw.

The mechanical life of the scientifically reared baby is unnatural, and when dealing with babies it is safe to assert that anything unnatural is wrong. Mechanical action of organs that are strengthened and improved by constant changes cannot possibly make for beauty.

Making Home Pleasant.

The young cannot bear restraint. Remember that the evening is an "off" time, and do not "provoke" your children. Let them know that they are free to do what they like—within certain limits—and home will be as good as a club. If possible, set apart a room for the boys where they may be alone if they want to and where they can pursue any hobby which pleases them. If they are sitting with you do not exercise your mind to find jobs for them. Some people like to loaf. It is their way of restoring energy. Do not interfere with their amusements unless absolutely bad. Better they should pursue them in your home than out of it.

Injurious Exercise.

The way babies are jumped about and made to "show off" is a sad sight to the mother who has studied the art of physical culture. Every time that a baby is made to exercise its brain it is parting with a portion of energy which it will need in after life. Even the frolic of daddy should be given with caution and in small doses. If a child is taught to lie quietly in its cradle you will be surprised to find how long it will amuse itself looking at one toy or just looking about. Some people cannot take a child in their arms without dancing it in the air or indulging in the idiotic practice of actually tossing it.

Children and Servants.

Never encourage children to tell tales of servants, as they are only too ready to use this power as a means of obtaining their own ends. On the other hand, never let a servant punish a child without first appealing to the mistress. A maid who is found slapping or shaking a child should be spoken to very severely, for these ill considered punishments make the little one lose caste in his own eyes and tend to destroy his self respect.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom
—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Stoddard-Dayton cars for Elk and McKean counties. If you are thinking of buying an automobile, consult me. 33 different styles; any color desired. Prices range from $1200 to $4000.00. Demonstrations given to prospective buyers.

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.,
Agent.
ST. MARYS, Elk County. PENNA.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Bucknell Academy
FOR BOYS
Lewisburg, Penna.

Prepares young men for College, preliminary law examination, and teaching.

Classical, Latin Scientific, and Scientific Courses.

Academy students have the use of Bucknell University Libraries, Labratories and other equipment.

Successful out-door and gymnasium athletics.

Expenses for one year $280.
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McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 22, 1911.

The Republican County Committee will meet in Bradford on Wednesday of next week. At this time it is understood that Hon. R. P. Habgood will resign as county committeeman and his successor will be appointed. Every committeeman in the county should be present and do his best work for the best interests of the party.

The accident which happened at East Smethport last night, which resulted in a horse being injured so badly that it was necessary to kill it and the two men miraculously escaping death, should lead the proper authorities to have some sort of a warning placed at this dangerous crossing, before some more serious accident happens.

Asserting that they had undermined the citadel of protection, destroyed it and had started the country on the more equitable line of tariff for revenue, only, the House Democrats passed on Tuesday the wool schedule, revising downward by 50 per cent. the rates of the Payne-Aldrich law. The victory on the wool schedule was the more decisive in that 24 Republican insurgents voted for the Underwood bill, but one Democrat, Francis, of Ohio, who hails from a sheep growing district, voted against it. The vote on final passage was 221 for; 100 against the bill.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has announced that his investigation into the cost of railway mail transportation has progressed far enough to show conclusively that a saving of about $9,000,000 can be made to the government without doing injustice to the railways. While many of the railways are carrying the mails at a large profit others are furnishing the service at a loss. Of the 394 companies reported only 278 are making profits. Mr. Hitchcock is to be commended for the reduction of postal expenses—a work which he has been following under the suggestions of President Taft.

President and Mrs. William H. Taft celebrated their silver wedding anniversary at the White House on Monday, June 19, 1911. Over 12,000 invitations were issued and about 5,000 were present at this function which is said to have been the most brilliant affair ever held in Washington. The occasion brought to Washington dozens of relatives and old friends of the Tafts and the luncheon given in their honor was a real love feast. Both the boyhood friends of the president and the girl chums of Mrs. Taft were included in the reunion. Hundreds of beautiful and valuable presents were received from friends all over the land. Ambassadors and ministers on behalf of their sovereigns or presidents, presented messages of felicitation from nearly every country of the globe.

El Heraldo Mexicano, the leading Spanish afternoon daily of Mexico on Monday printed a dispatch from its special correspondent in the state of Morelos telling of a reign of terror and anarchy prevailing in that state. The dispatch says: The forces of Emiliano Zapata have scattered through the state, looting villages and ranches and turning highwaymen, until travel is unsafe. Zapata is seizing young girls for a harem, maintained in the town of Huitzilac, in the mountains above Cuernavaca. Every store and business house in the entire state is closed for fear of Zapata's bandits. Business is completely tied up in the richest state of the Mexican plateau. The villages of San Vicente Punte de Ixtla and Treinta have been looted and many houses set on fire. Trains between Cuernavaca and Mexico City have been held up, searched and robbed with the excuse that the rebels were looking for federal forces and for General Figueroa, the sworn enemy of Zapata. Madero (it is alleged by the correspondent) stands back of Zapata, declaring that the latter is the chief of the army in the state of Morelos and will remain on the job despite the protests of the people. The army of the south under General Alfonso Miranda, camped outside Cuernavaca, has petitioned the government for permission to attack Zapata's horde. General Ambroisio Figueroa, who was sworn in Monday at noon as commander-in-chief of the rurales, declares that even if not ordered to do so by the government, he will attack Zapata and restore peace in Morelos. Zapata has taken possession of the barracks at Cuernavaca and began distributing arms and ammunition to his force of 3,000 men. Money sent to Zapata to pay off the regular troops and send them home, has been confiscated by him for the expenses of his army of bandits. Zapata now contorls the entire state with the exception of the camp of General Miranda, outside Cuernavaca.

A later dispatch from Mexico City dated June 19 says: General Emilion Zapata, at the head of 3,000 men, the largest bandit force ever assembled in Mexico, to-night took possession of the city of Cuernavaca and drove the small garrison and the Madero forces into the hills. He declares he will set up his own government. A summons was sent to Zapata late this afternoon to come here to-morrow to answer charges of brigandage, rapine and looting filed against him by citizens of the state of Morelos. If he does not come war will result.

PERSONAL MENTION

A. B. Walker spent Sunday in Shinglehouse.

Dan Cooper had business in Olean on Monday.

John Stark was an Eldred visitor over Sunday.

Dr. J. V. McAlpin was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

Miss Irma Wells is visiting friends in Bradford this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman of Syracuse are visiting friends in town.

T. H. Butler of Mt. Jewett was greeting friends in town yesterday.

Miss Violet Campbell has gone to Perry, N. Y., to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield returned home Saturday from Geneva, N. Y.

Mrs. H. W. Rubin and daughters were guests of Bradford friends this week.

Miss Sarah Connolly and Miss Belva Ford were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and Mrs. D. M. Brasted were Bradford visitors Friday.

Samuel E. Bell left Tuesday for a business trip through the Oklahoma oil fields.

Deputy Sheriff J. L. Morrison had business in Bradford Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hopper and son, Lawrence, spent Sunday in Farmers Valley.

Mrs. C. W. Freeman was the guest of Bradford friends from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry and daughter, Helen, are guests of friends and relatives in Corry.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison returned Sunday from a visit with Erie county friends and relatives.

Mrs. E. R. Baker of Erie is the guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy on West Main street.

H. B. Milward, former editor of the Kane Leader, now of New York, was a caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. J. E. Hallmertz and children and Miss Bessie Ottoson are spending a few weeks at Lakewood, N. Y.

John Tretton of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton.

Mrs. Mary Bisett attended a banquet given by the Alumni of St. Elizabeth's convent at Allegany on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davis of Olean, N. Y., spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis, of Colegrove.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest and Mr. and Mrs. George W. Mitchell have returned home from an automobile trip to Erie.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Comes, daughter, Chrystal, son, Ernest, and Mrs. W. A. Harris were Bradford visitors on Tuesday.

Mrs. T. H. Cox of Lancaster, Ohio, arrived in town to-day and will be the guest of relatives and friends for a short time.

Allen Morrison has returned home from Hobart college and will spend his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrison.

Mrs. C. W. Lilgendahl has returned from Fredonia, N. Y., where she attended the graduation exercises of her daughter, Linnea.

Rev. W. A. Harris returned to his Pa., left for her home Friday after a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Connolly.

Mrs. C. S. VanDusen and son, George, left Saturday for Pittsburgh, where they will join Mr. VanDusen, who is employed in that city.

J. Donald Hogarth and Frederick Specht are home from State College and will spent their vacation at the home of their parents in this place.

Mrs. Rathbone Knox who has been the guest of Miss Dora Keenan left this morning for her home in Coudersport. Miss Keenan accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Eastman and two children left Tuesday for Jamestown, N. Y., where they will visit friends and relatives for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bell, son, Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth and Mrs. T. A. Morrison automobiled to Wellsville, N. Y., Friday in the former's car.

C. M. Colegrove, Dan Cooper and B. P. Pierce returned home Friday from Quaker Run, where they have been surveying a tract of timber for Hon. R. W. Hilton.

Mrs. Alfred Powell of Adamston, W. Va., arrived home the latter part of last week and is visiting at the home of her father, Henry Belver, on Water street.

Rev. W. A. Harirs returned to his home in Lyndonville, N. Y., on Saturday after a brief visit with friends in town. Mrs. Harris left this morning for her home.

Miss Ethel Tull who is a student at Bryant & Stratton's business college at Buffalo, arrived home Monday evening and will spend the next two weeks at the home of her parents on Bank street.

Howard E. Merrill of New York was a visitor in town over Sunday. On Monday he returned home, Orlo J. Hamlin, E. E. Heath, Harry L. Backus and Chauffeur Leo Digel accompanying him as far as Bradford in Mr. Hamlin's car.

Harry L. Backus, Mrs. C. S. Townsend, Miss Elsie Sherer and Miss Ola Badger automobiled to Olean to-day. They were accompanied home by Mrs. T. F. Cox, nee Miss Edna Townsend, who will visit friends and relatives in town for a few days.

Mrs. J. W. Bouton left on Tuesday for Jamestown, N. Y., where she will join her brother, Dr. H. A. Eastman. They left there yesterday for Denver, Colo., Yellowstone Park and Los Angeles, Calif., where Dr. Eastman will attend a medical meeting. They expect to be gone about six weeks.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

This Pest Has Made Its Appearance in Pennsylvania.

The seventeen-year locust or Cicada has appeared in Pennsylvania from the Susquehanna river eastward, and promptly upon schedule time, as predicted by State Zoologist H. A. Surface in communications early this spring, notwithstanding the fact that many persons thought this could not be possible, as they did not consider this as "locust year." Professor Surface explained that this was not the re-appearance of the 1902 brood, but was another brood coming from eggs laid in the twigs of the trees in 1894.

State Zoologist Surface is making a special study of this brood of the Cicada or seventeen-year locust, and requests information to be sent to him at Harrisburg, giving the dates of appearance and disappearance of the insects, some statements as to abundance, the amount of damage effected, the extent of the area covered, the enemies observed, and other points that will help to make complete the records and a detailed study of these insects throughout those portions of the Commonwealth in which they may appear.

It is recommended either to cover small trees with cloth or netting or wrap strips of cloth around the trunks and larger branches of fruit trees three years of age or less, where these insects are numerous. This is to prevent damage by piercing the bark and wood for the purpose of laying eggs. They do not feed on the trees as is popularly supposed. By the last of June they will have disappeared as suddenly as they came, and the young hatching from the eggs laid in the injured places of the living wood will drop to the ground, and there feed on the roots of the trees during another interval of seventeen years.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Estate of L. Rogers, Deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, Pennsylvania, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, July 24, A. D. 1911, at two o'clock p. m., the following described piece of land:

All that certain piece, parcel and tract of land situate in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the southeast corner of Square No. 65 in the plot of said borough of Smethport, at the intersection of Main and Pike streets; thence west along the north line of Main street one hundred thirty-two feet to the southeast corner of land of James McKean; thence north along the east line of land of James McKean two hundred sixty-four feet to the south line of King street; thence east along the south line of King street sixty-six feet to the northwest corner of land of Choate; thence south along the west line of land of Choate one hundred thirty-two feet to the southwest corner of land of Choate; thence east along the south line of land of Choate sixty-six feet to the west line of Pike street; thence south along the west line of Pike street one hundred thirty-two feet to the place of beginning.

This sale is made under and subject to all the exceptions, reservations, conditions and restrictions in the chain of title of said premises mentioned or referred to, and is free of all liens.

The said premises are situate on the north side of Main street, Smethport, Pennsylvania, east of residence of James McKean, and have thereon a two-story frame dwelling house.

Terms of sale are ten per cent. in cash when premises are sold and the balance on confirmation of the sale by the Court.

Sarah A. Rogers, Administratrix.
June 21, 1911-3t Kane, Penna.

Oldest Pipe Organ.

What is said to be the oldest pipe organ in the world is on the island of Gothland, in the Baltic sea. It dates from about 1240 A. D.

England's First Tea.

When first introduced into England tea sold for from £6 to £10 the pound. But a record was set up in London on May 7, 1891, when a small parcel of a certain very choice brand was bought at public auction by Messrs. Whitworth, Hillyard & Wade, tea merchants, for £23 10s. per pound.

Drilled to Perfection.

From drill man gets accustomed to doing under any circumstances what has been hammered into his brain time after time till it becomes second nature to him. Charles XII. of Sweden, "the madman of the north," ripped most of Europe up the back again and again because his soldiers were drilled to perfection before he let them take the field at a time when there was great neglect of drill in other armies. He valued 1,000 well drilled fighters above 10,000 not so well drilled, and, madman or genius, his judgment was vindicated repeatedly in terrible battles. One night Charles XII. was surprised in Poland by an attacking army of 8,000 when his scant force of 600 was sleeping like the dead from the exhaustion of a hard march. Before his outposts and sentinels could be driven in his small band was aroused, mounted, formed in battle line—all in pitchy blackness—and swinging into a fierce charge upon the enemy. By daylight the Russians and Poles, who had thought to eat him up, were virtually annihilated.—New York Press.

Dr. Johnson's Revenge.

Tom Osborne, the bookseller, was one of "that mercantile rugged race to which the delicacy of the poet is sometimes exposed."

Osborne, irritated by what he thought an unnecessary delay on the part of Johnson, went one day into the room where Johnson was sitting and abused him in the most liberal manner. Johnson heard him some time unmoved, but at last, losing all patience, he seized a huge folio and, aiming a blow at the bookseller's head, succeeded in sending him sprawling to the floor. Osborne alarmed the family by his cries, but Johnson, placing his foot on his breast, would not let him stir until he had exposed him in that situation and then left him with this triumphant expression: "Lie there, thou son of dullness, ignorance and obscurity."—From Kearsley's "Anecdotes."

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS——
OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accomodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52 54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson
Soft and Stiff Hats
$3.50 to $5.00
at
H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

THE LAST THAT LASTS.

That's just to catch your eye. As a matter of fact the shoes we sell to men are made over lasts that are not only stylish, but afford a whole lot of comfort as well. If you are of the unbelieving kind, the one thing we ask—the only thing we ask—is a "try on" of our Just Wright shoes for Summer wear.

ANDERSON & CARLSON.

The Shoe Men.

Smethport, Pa.

PHONE 7 BROWNELL'S PHONE 7

We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

AUTOMOBILE
TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

TO THE LADIES OF SMETHPORT AND VICINITY: WE WANT YOUR TRADE AND IF BY HONEST AND COURTEOUS TREATMENT WITH LOW PRICES WILL GET IT, WE WILL HAVE IT.

WE WILL PLACE ON SALE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

1 piece 36 inch Black Guaranteed Taffeta Silk, worth and sold at $1.25. For 98c yd.

Dress Ginghams, the 12½c kind in plaid and small checks. Friday and Saturday 9 1-2c yd.

Don't forget our Special Sale now on, of Ladies' and Misses' Oxfords and Shoes.

Open every evening until 8 o'clock, Saturday until 10 o'clock.

EXTRA SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

6 pieces Corset Cover Embroidery, the 35c quality, for........25c yd.

See our Table Linens and Napkins Specially priced for Friday and Saturday.

Swiss Curtain Scrims, the 15c kind at 12 1-2c yd. Art Scrims at 18c, 20c, 25c. See them.

1 Lot of Childrens' Summer Hats (Washable) Going at 1-2 price.

THE LINDHOLM CO., Inc.

DALY & GARLICK

Have for sale

A JAR AND A CAP
THE ONLY ACCESSORIES REQUIRED FOR THE NEW WAY
Schram
AUTOMATIC SEALER
FRUIT JAR.
PARAFINE, RUBBER BANDS, SEALING WAX, AND HEAT REQUIRED FOR SEALING ANY OTHER FRUIT JAR.

DALY & GARLICK

Hardware and Plumbing

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 22, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Travellers' Club will picnic at Coryville next Tuesday, each member taking one guest.

—The Smethport Window Glass factory shut down for the summer last Friday night at midnight.

—Hon. and Mrs. R. P. Habgood of Bradford attended the Taft silver wedding anniversary held at Washington on Monday.

—The Eastern Star are holding their annual picnic this afternoon on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells on Cemetery street.

—Mrs. Leo Herzog and Mrs. Will Herzog are entertaining the Bridge Whist Club this afternoon at the home of the former on Center street.

—The Grange National Bank of McKean County at its last semi-annual meeting declared a dividend of six per cent. on its capital stock.

—Next Sunday morning at the Methodist Episcopal church the subject will be "The Coronation." In the evening the annual Children's Day exercises will be held.

—The work of the Water Co. on Mechanic is progressing satisfactorily at present. The new six-inch line has been laid to Brasted's bakery, and the excavation work is being pushed rapidly.

—"Doc" Hazen has been appointed dog tax collector and has started on his duties. "Doc" is pretty familiar with all the dogs in this place and we expect he will round up every one of them in a short time.

—About 35 couples attended the Lemon Club dance at the Lyceum Tuesday evening. Miss Pattison served a delicious lunch, and a most pleasant evening was spent. Chadwick's orchestra furnished music. Four couples from Coudersport were present as guests.

—Robert George, Sr., of Bradford, aged 62 years, and a well-known oil region man, died at his home in that city last Thursday afternoon from ills with which he had suffered since last August. He is survived by his widow and one son, Robert George, Jr., of Bradford.

—The well of the South Penn Oil Co., located on the Henry Wright farm, west of this borough, was shot last Thursday afternoon and will probably settle down to a five-barrel well. The sight was witnessed by a large number of people from this borough, and was a most beautiful spectacle.

—After lying in the tomb of an Egyptian mummy for probably more than a thousand years, ten grains of wheat sent to a Greely, Colo., farmer and planted west of there, germinated. From it, eight stalks of wheat have grown and this promises a variety of wheat superior to any growing in that locality.

—A horse belonging to E. W. Jones which was being used to cultivate in E. R. Mayo's garden on West Main street, became frightened last Friday and ran down Water street to Washington street, thence to Main. The animal started down Main street dragging the cultivator, but was stopped before much damage was done.

—A picked up baseball team from this place went over to Port Allegany last Saturday and played a game with the team of that place. The Port Allegany team won by a score of 12 to 7 and it is said that the Smethport team showed some good timber that would make a winning team with a little practice.

Mrs. Carrie Marks entertained 25 young ladies at her home on Bank street Tuesday evening, in honor of Mrs. Leon Valentine of Philadelphia, who leaves for her home in that place on Saturday, and Mrs. Alfred Powell of Adamston, W. Va. Cards were played during the evening, and at a late hour delicious refreshments were served. All report a most delightful evening.

Owing to the congested condition of the State Printing office, it is unlikely that any copies of the school code will be ready for distribution for some weeks. The resolution providing for 25,000 copies of the code was signed last week. The chances are that the 150,000 copies of the game and fish laws, authorized by the legislature, will no be ready until late in the summer.

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained 25 friends at 6 o'clock dinner at her home on Main street Tuesday night. Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone Knox, Miss Stevens and Mr. Chapin, of Coudersport, were the out-of-town guests, Mr. and Mrs. Knox being the guests of honor. Mr. and Mrs. James Covey, Miss Mae Butler and Mr. Vandeboe, also of Coudersport, joined the party later and all were guests at the Lemon Club dance.

—George Bliven, who resides in a house opposite the Poor Farm, on the Marvin creek road, had a painful accident befall him last Monday. He was digging holes in which were to be placed stone abutments for a new barn on his place, when in some manner the pick he was wielding struck his left foot, the sharp point going through his big toe. Dr. Hamilton attended the injured man and made him as comfortable as possible, but it is a painful injury and Mr. Bliven will be laid up for several days.

—William Bliven, who lives on the Marvin creek road opposite the Poor Farm, was severely injured on Tuesday. Mr. Bliven was engaged in hauling chemical wood at Kasson and while coming down a hill from the woods, his load tipped over. He was thrown violently against a stump, a sharp splinter of which inflicted a severe injury to his back. Dr. Robert Hamilton dressed the wound, which is of a most painful nature. Mr. Bliven is suffering terribly, being unable to sit up or lay down. He will be laid up for some time as a result.

—A huge granite boulder, erected to the membory of the unidentified soldiers who died at Valley Forge during the encampment of General Washington's army there through the winter of 1777-8, was unveiled on the camp ground Saturday by the Valley Forge Chapter of the American Revolution. The monument is ten feet high, six feet across and four feet thick. Former Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania made the opening address and introduced the orator of the day, the Rev. Charles H. Rorer of Norristown, Pa.

—While in Austin last week, Joseph Hull informed the editor of the Autograph that he might announce himself as a candidate for the nomination for county treasurer. While Mr. Hull would be on the Republican ticket, we must confess he would make a very strong candidate. Few men in Potter county have a wider acquaintance than Joe Hull. He is a life-long resident, and always to be found in the front ranks of his party. So long as he lived on the East Fork his party never worried about the result of elections in that township as Joe always delivered the goods.

—A stabbing affray which may result in the charge of murder being preferred, took place on Union street, Olean, near the Pennsylvania railroad tracks, shortly after midnight last Thursday. Joe Spilleto was terribly cut with a knife alleged to have been in the hands of Patsy Poppellio. The men had quarreled and just what the differences between them were is not known at present. Poppellio is locked up, pending an investigation. Spilleto received an ugly gash across the throat nearly to the ear, and he suffered much from loss of blood. The physician who attended him at the hospital said that he might die.

—Rena Gulick, 14 years old, daughter of Ernest T. Gulick of Meadville, is at Spencer hospital with a bullet wound in the left side of her abdomen and is expeted to die. The girl was sitting on the porch of her father's home Sunday evening when she was struck by the bullet, which was fired by an Italian on a street about a block distant. The Italian fired three times at some object. When the third shot rang out the girl screamed and fell from the chair. Physicians, hurriedly called, rushed the patient to the hospital, where it was found the leaden missle had penetrated the abdomen and lodged near the spinal column.

—Detective Martin Petrowlski generally known as Martin Peters, who was shot in the abdomen by a tramp by the name of Harry Brown, in the railroad yards east of Dunkirk, died in the Brooks Memorial hospital Friday afternoon. Brown, who was also shot in the abdomen by Petrowski, died at 9 o'clock Friday night at the same hospital. Petrowski's version of the affair is that he had placed the tramp under arrest, handcuffed both hands behind him and was taking him through the yards to police headquarters, when the tramp shot him. He also says that another man stepped out from the dark and shot him from the rear; that the tramp then jerked away and as he was disappearing in the darkness Petrowski emptied the five shots in his revolver in the direction of the fleeing man, who disappeared down an embankment.

COLEGROVE NEWS.

Miss Hazel Margaret McAllister left Monday for Grove City college where she will attend school.

Fire destroyed the house and furniture of James Huff of Hamlin last Saturday afternoon. The loss is estimated at about $500.

Floyd Pettis and Scott Connolly were Colegrove visitors Sunday.

John Holcomb, John Natello and James Daly were callers in Crosby Sunday.

Miss Edna Anderson was a Norwich visitor Sunday.

Miss Rena Anderson left Sunday for a six weeks' visit at Jamestown, N. Y.

Mesdames Flynn and Grossman of Johnsonburg were guests of Mrs. J. A. Perkins over Sunday.

The Maccabee dance at Crosby last Saturday night was a great success.

Misses Edna and Grace Wilson and Edna Anderson were Crosby visitors Friday.

Roswell Erhart was a Smethport visitor Saturday evening.

SHOT HIS SWEETHEART.

Miss Ginzley Seriously Wounded by Her Lover at Clearfield.

Clearfield, Pa., June 20.—Miss Agnes Ginzley, a Woodland young woman, is confined to the Philadelphia hospital, with a serious wound in her thigh, while Harry Dixon, a young man 26 years old, of the same place, is being held in the Clearfield county jail, to await the result of the girl's injuries.

Dixon had been enamored of the girl for some time, and when she refused on Saturday evening to have anything more to do with him he threatened to kill her, and about 8 o'clock Sunday morning appeared at Swift's hotel, where the girl was employed, and asked to see her.

When Miss Ginzley appeared, Dixon pulled a revolver and began shooting. The first bullet struck her. She sank to the floor. Dixon, thinking he had killed her, rushed from the house to the woods nearby. A posse at once went after Dixon, and he was captured several hours later, within a mile from the scene of the crime, and was brought to the Clearfield jail.

ENTERED INTO REST.

Jane Marie Stratton Died Saturday Morning.

On the morning of Saturday, June 17, 1911, Jane Marie Stratton died after an illness of many years, from a complication of ailments, at her home in Farmers Valley.

Miss Stratton was born Dec. 8, 1877, at her home at Coryville. She was a young woman of good Christian character; a kind and affectionate daughter and sister, and her loss will be keenly felt by her mother, two sisters and six brothers, who survive her.

Funeral services were held at her home Monday morning and were largely attended, Rev. Samuel Parrott officiating. The remains were laid at rest in Fairview cemetery. The floral pieces were many and beautiful.

He whom she loved best claimed her
as his own,
And bore her safely to her heavenly
home.

GRADUATES AT CLARION.

The State Board examinations at the Clarion State Normal School concluded Monday evening, June 19. Eighty-three seniors, one hundred thirty-five middlers and two hundred twelve juniors successfully passed the examinations. The commencement exercises will begin Friday evening, June 23, with the Principal's reception. Other events of the week will be the literary contest, the Baccalaureate sermon by Dr. J. Ritchie Smith of Harrisburg, the Campus Pageant portraying Florentine Life of the Fifteenth century, the concert by the Music department, the Class Day exercises, the Alumni banquet and the Commencement oration by Dr. Francis Harvey Green of West Chester. Among the graduates are the following from McKean county: Mary Alexander, Hazelhurst; Hazel Boggs, Bradford; Reva Holden, Port Allegany; Chloe Lyle, Smethport; Mabel Lyle, Smethport; Ellen Pike, Bradford; Lois Porter, Rew; Nora Randall, Hazelhurst; Gertrude Richards, Smethport; Lulu Robbins, Port Allegany.

Advertise in The Miner.

Positions

The Demand for young men exceeds the supply. Excellent positions for all who qualify and who are worthy. 3500 references. Business, shorthand, typewriting, and English courses. Thirtieth school year will open Sept. 5. Send for free catalogue.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N.Y.

BUY THIS WEEK

if you want a

BARGAIN

IN BOY'S SUITS

While in New York recently we secured an *immense bargain* in Boy's Suits-ages 3 to 18 which we offer this week at a reduction of, from $1 to $2.50 a suit. In this selection you will find Blue Serges, Worsteds Fancy Woolens, &c, &c. Better or finer Suits than these were never sold.

MONHEIMER'S

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

Ladies Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

FRY & COMES

Store closed at 6 P. M. except Monday and Saturday. On these days at 8 P. M. and 10 P. M. respectively.

We ask your co-operation to the end that we may shorten the working hours of our salespeople. The state of Massachusetts recently passed an act making it illegal to keep women at work in factories and stores more than nine hours per day. We believe the girls of Pennsylvania are entitled to at least consideration.

Wash Dresses Reduced

We offer several very desirable Lingerie and Gingham dresses his week to close out odd lots at prices vers much below what they have been.

Fine blue Chambrey dresses regular price $3.50 now $2.50.

A few very handsome white Lingerie dresses regular prices $16.50 to $22.50 at ¼ off, now $12.33 to 16.88.

Odd lots of white and colored waists at reductions ranging from ¼ to ½ off regular prices.

"WOOLTEX" Garments

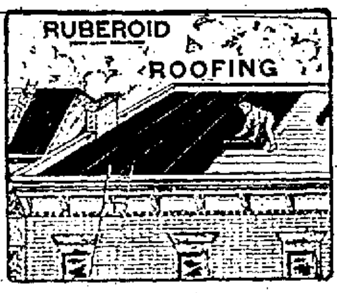
Take your pick of the newest "WOOLTEX" coats suits and kirts at 25 per cent discount—in some instances the prices have been halved.

A visit to this store in these days of clearance prices will richly repay you.

FRY & COMES

Smethport - - - - - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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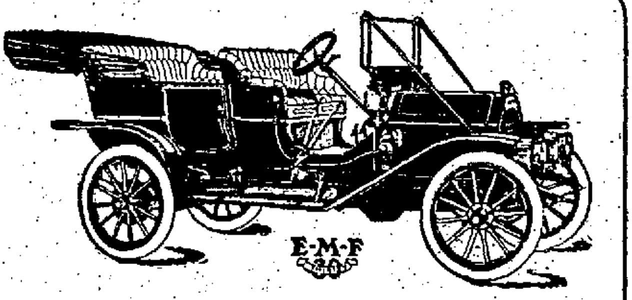

WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30. FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a mechanical miracle, made of the very best material, mechanically correct, 108 inch wheel base, selective sliding, change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00, silk finished mohair top and folding windshield $80.00 extra.

The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

If you want a large medium price car of well known quality and service buy the Famous SELDON. Prices $2250.00 to $2600.00 with standard equipment.

If you want the VERY BEST CAR ever made, anywhere, by anybody in the whole world, then buy the BEAUTIFUL BIG SIX CYLINDER PEERLESS. Price $6,000.00, complete equipment.

Our garage is managed by a journeyman machinist, who learned his trade in a big automobile factory and he is one of the very best men in his line. We make a specialty of overhauling big, high-priced cars and absolutely guarantee our work to give entire satisfaction.

In our Rubber Works Dept. we do all kinds of Tire Repairing, manufacture inner tubes, tire reliners, patches, &c., and our prices are right. We also carry a good line of accessories, Prest-O-Lite tanks, etc.

For full information, catalogues, etc., call or address

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY,

Smethport, - - - - Penn'a.

WHICH ROAD?

A Case Where the Wrong One Brought Great Happiness

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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It w[illegible] level road with many [illegible] the siren too [illegible] iterated [illegible] [illegible] the speck of [illegible]

"Hi, mister!" [illegible] voice above the [illegible].

With a few [illegible] screams the [illegible] stopped dead short [illegible] the twilight with his [illegible]

"Well, what's up?" he demanded curtly.

"It's me," said the small voice, with a hint of [illegible]. "I'm up in the tree right over your head."

"My [illegible], what are you doing up there?" Justin stared upward toward [illegible] tree bent over [illegible]. The [illegible] was filled with [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] bark of the tree. [illegible] a small [illegible] blond baby [illegible] on the limb.

"Now [illegible] that limb and drop—that's the way. Caught you, didn't I? [illegible] Mr. Delos."

Justin tucked the boy in a corner of the seat and [illegible] to resume his ride, but the boy [illegible] a cold little hand on his arm and raised his voice in protest.

"Please, mister, I'm afraid to go up [illegible]" [illegible] lustily.

"What are you afraid of? How do you expect to go home if you don't take the road?"

[illegible] of the strayed one.

"Where do you live?" demanded Justin.

"Cross Highway!"

"Well, [illegible] right then, this is the Cross Highway," reassured Justin

SHE LOOKED AT HIM WITH ASTONISHMENT

as he [illegible] the [illegible] but the boy [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] "I [illegible]," rather triumphantly.

"So you did. Well, it's the first time I knew this old road went to Cross Highway. [illegible] to stop right here too. Do you know where this drive leads to, son?"

"To perdition," said the little fellow calmly.

"Perdition!" repeated Justin, scandalized. "Who told you that?"

"Mother did. I asked her. I waited in the carriage once when she went inside, and she said it was perdition. So I asked cook what perdition was, and she said it was—you know, the hot place."

"What's your name?"

"Frederick Templeton Leeson. That's dad's name too."

"Ah, then you're Leeson's little chap, eh? Well, you are a good way from home. Guess I better run up this drive and telephone to your folks that you're all right. What do you say?" Justin turned the car into the drive and sped swiftly up its length.

"I don't—want to go to that—place," wailed Master Frederick Templeton Leeson. "Cook says they fry you on toasting forks if you're naughty."

"Never you mind, son. You're a good boy. They won't fry you nor bake you. Very likely all the ladies will kiss you and call you a sweet child."

"I hate ladies, and I won't be kissed, and I won't be fried," protested Frederick, kicking the shins of his rescuer with sudden fierce ingratitude. "You stop this car, mister!"

"At your command, sir," said Justin as he brought the machine handsomely under the lighted porte-cochere and jammed down his levers. His siren uttered a brief commanding salute. The door opened instantly and a manservant appeared.

"I've missed the road, my man," said Justin, "and I would like to be set right if you can direct me to the Cross Highway."

"A mile back, sir. You probably passed the turn without noticing. From there on is private property. If you turn around and go back over your own tracks you'll find your way all right."

"Thanks," said Justin, tossing the man a coin. "Oh, I wonder if your people would allow me to use a telephone for a moment. I've picked up a little lost boy, and—"

"Certainly, sir. If it's Mr. Leeson's little boy it's all right. They've been telephoning here to know if we've seen him. Come right in."

He held open the door and admitted Justin and his sleepy charge into a wide entrance hall softly carpeted and delicately lighted with carefully disposed electric bulbs. A wood fire whispered in the wide fireplace, and several comfortable chairs were gathered around the hearth, where a white haired woman was dispensing tea. There were several other women, some within the tall shadow of the settle.

The white haired woman dropped a teaspoon with a silvery clatter and arose to her feet. Justin saw with dazed eyes that her face was startled out of its customary sweet repose and that she looked at him with astonishment and displeasure. [illegible] welcome.

"I ask your pardon, madam—Mrs. Stone. I came [illegible] by mistake, and I asked your man if I might telephone to this little boy's parents that he was found and that I would return him at once," he stammered after a little awkward silence.

"Oh, it's little Frederick! How delighted poor Evelyn will be! Here is the telephone, Mr. Delos."

When Justin emerged after reassuring the delighted parents that he would return the wanderer back to their arms at once he found Mrs. Stone awaiting him at the end of the corridor. She held out her hand, smiling rather sadly as she did so.

"I must ask your pardon, Mr. Delos, for not giving you a heartier welcome. I was so startled at sight of you I quite lost my wits for the moment."

"You hardly expected to see me," said Delos with a rueful smile. "I'm afraid if I'd known you were here I'd never have ventured to knock at your door, hospitable as it always was in the past. Pardon me for that blundering reminder," he begged hastily.

"Certainly, Justin. Will you come and drink a cup of tea with us?" She paused at his protesting hand.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Stone, but I couldn't—not until you change your mind about me, you know," he said firmly.

"Change my mind! Ah, Justin, we did that almost immediately after you left in anger. If you had only read and heeded our explanatory letters you would have known that Mr. Stone was quite satisfied that the fault of the accident rested entirely on a defect in our machine and not in your driving. But you never answered our letters, and you declined to see my husband—"

"I never received your letters, Mrs. Stone, and as soon as I learned that Dita—Miss Stone was out of danger I went abroad and have been home only a few weeks. You see, I bought a place not far from here—thought I'd get in a new part of the country and wouldn't meet any of the old crowd. But it's a small world."

"It is indeed, and you haven't asked after my daughter, Justin. It's three years since you last saw her, isn't it?"

She searched his face with anxious motherly eyes.

"I haven't dared ask for her. I've felt that I was to blame for reckless driving, and I shall never forget her white face as she lay unconscious on the stones nor the words of your husband [illegible] of having murdered her—murdering Dita! When, oh, what's the use? You knew how I felt about it, Mrs. Stone."

For an instant her warm hand pressed his, and then she glided away to give place to a tall slender form crowned with gold hair, whose face was rosy with health and whose gray eyes were now alight with a happiness which had been postponed until this blissful moment. Justin could scarcely believe his eyes. [illegible] answer [illegible] unspoken appeal, and the quiet corridor witnessed the reunion of the parted lovers.

After awhile the wailing Master Frederick Templeton Leeson demanded to be taken to his mamma. "I don't like perdition!" he protested.

"Perdition!" repeated Justin for the second time that evening. "Why perdition, eh?"

Perdita Stone laughed merrily. "It's such a good joke, Justin. It seems his mother told him this road led to Perdita's, and he translated it into perdition, and the cook gave him a literal interpretation of that word, and he's been afraid to come here ever since. Haven't you, Frederick?"

"I like Miss Dita, but I don't want to stay in perdition," yowled Frederick.

Justin lifted him to his shoulder and turned to Mrs. Stone with his old winning smile. "I'm going to take Frederick home. Would you trust Perdita with me too?"

Without a word Mrs. Stone stood a tiptoe to kiss the tall young man, while Perdita slipped away to don coat and scarf.

As they whirled down the dark avenue and into the winding road Frederick snuggled between them and uttered a sleepy sigh.

"I guess we're out of perd'tion now."

"And right into paradise," concluded Justin happily.

The Norman's Coronation.

A peculiar incident happened at the crowning of William the Conqueror. After the coronation oath, in which the new monarch promised to protect the church and to execute judgment and mercy, the archbishop put the question to the assembled crowd. "Will ye have this prince to be your king?"

A clamorous response of assent startled the Norman garrison. They believed the English had revolted and took up their swords and torches. They set fire to the house; the flames spread, and there was a general alarm. The English, hearing of the plunder, rushed out of church. The bishops and clergy who remained were in such confusion that they could hardly go through with the act of crowning. William heard the tumult, but could not conjecture the cause and sat trembling at the foot of the altar. No great mischief was done by the fire, but the occurrence laid the foundation of a long enmity between the English and Normans.

The Shakespearean Sonnets.

There are many excellent reasons for thinking that Shakespeare did not write all of the sonnets that have come down to us associated with his name. It is a fact that he never published them, never claimed their authorship, never acknowledged them, and never, so far as can be ascertained, gave his consent or authority to have them published. In the "Sonnets" of the sonneteer, implying their author certainly plays, and interests, peculiarities, addresses and other things which could not have applied to Shakespeare, but which might very well have suited Marlowe, or William Herbert, or Henry Wriothesley, or any one of a half dozen other young men in Shakespeare's circle. It is as good as settled that several, if not many, of the sonnets were written by other hands than those of the author of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," though, of course, the task of naming the real authors is an impossible one.—New York American.

Smoky Achill

One of the smokiest places on earth is undoubtedly Achill, off the coast of Mayo, Ireland. A smoky atmosphere is not an unknown thing in any Irish cabin, but in Achill the greater the smoke the higher the satisfaction of the natives, for there smoke means potatoes, and potatoes mean food. It is to one of the methods of procuring soot that the islander owes the smoky condition of his cabin. Soot he must have, or the potatoes will not grow. In the tilled fields he erects little huts called scrawhogues, formed by "scraws," or sods, of heather from the mountains. Within these huts he keeps a fire of peat burning for six weeks or two months, at the end of which period the scraws are, from their continual impregnation with smoke, transformed into soot. Turf or peat is abundant on the island, and the large fires cost nothing.—Harper's Weekly.

Diana of Ephesus

Ephesus was one of the twelve Ionic cities of Asia Minor and was situated in Lydia, near the mouth of the river Caystrus. According to Strabo it was founded by Androclus, son of Codrus. It ultimately came into possession of the Romans, and in the time of Augustus it was the greatest place of trade of all the cities of Asia west of the Taurus. St. Paul resided there three years, but the destruction of its great temple by the Goths in 260 A. D. gave it a blow from which it never recovered. This was the famous temple of Diana. Near the western extremity of the town are still to be seen some massive structures, which have since 1868 been carefully excavated. It is now certain that these stand on the famous temple site.

A Famous Windmill

Nantucket possesses what is believed to be the oldest windmill for grinding grain in actual operation in America. Nathan Wilbur, a Nantucket sailor who had seen the busy windmills of Holland as he sailed thereof, built it out of timbers of wrecked ships in 1746. There has never been a day in all the 165 years since that time when the mill has not been busy. There is always a wind to turn its outstretched wings.

What He Would Pay to Hear

"Clemens," said a friend to Mark Twain some years ago, "wouldn't you like to go and hear Ingersoll on Moses this evening?"

"No," replied the humorist. "I wouldn't give 10 cents to hear Ingersoll on Moses, but I would give $10 to hear Moses on Ingersoll."

A Triumph of Ratiocination

Damocles saw the sword suspended by the hair.

"Since it can't cut the hair, I judge your wife has been sharpening her pencil," he remarked to the king.—New York Sun.

The Poet's Spur

"This is a great poem. You must have been thinking of something inspiring when you wrote it."

"I was. I was thinking of the installment man."—Pittsburg Post.

Unfulfilled Ambition

We confess to a long unfulfilled ambition, and that is to be able to appear in a new suit or hat and not have everybody in the office comment on it.—Atlanta Journal.

A Well Pleased Man

"Why don't you get married, colonel?"

"I am not so cruel. It would make one happy and a hundred unhappy."—Fliegende Blatter.

A Glimpse of Bismarck.

Lord Goschen was once asked to dinner by the German chancellor and described the occasion in his memoirs: "Bismarck made an excellent dinner, but not so good as I expected. The fish course consisted of lampreys, and Bismarck said that he had once, to his shame, eaten eighty-one at a sitting. Lord Odo, remembering the fate of a British king, asked if he had no reason to regret the feat. 'Yes,' he said. 'I did regret it. I have often regretted what I have eaten, but never what I have drunk.' 'But have you not been the worse for it?' 'I did not say I had not been the worse for my potations. I said I had never regretted them.' He spoke in slow but good English and said a number of quaint and good things. Here is a very characteristic specimen: 'I rather envy you English statesmen the excitement of the house of commons. You have the pleasure of being able to call a man a damned infernal scoundrel. Now, I can't do that in diplomacy.'"

History of Smallpox

That terrible disease, smallpox, appears to have been first described by Rhazes, an Arabian physician, who lived about the year 900, but there is no reason to doubt that it has existed in the east from the remotest times. So far as we know it never originated spontaneously, but is always produced by contact, mediate or immediate—with a person already affected by it. It appears to have been introduced to Europe in the times of the crusades and spread slowly into the more northern regions. In 1707 it appeared in Iceland, where it was so fatal that the country was almost depopulated by it. From Spain it was carried to Mexico, where it is said to have destroyed 200,000 or 300,000 people. It spread rapidly all over the new world, and whole villages and tribes of Indians were carried off by it.

Canton's City of the Dead

In Canton, about eighty miles from Hongkong, there is a place known as the City of the Dead. There are 191 small houses, in each of which a corpse is lodged at the rate of $25 for the first three months and then at a reduced rate until the geomancers employed by the relatives of the dead person decide when and where the corpse shall be buried. Silk or paper lanterns and imitation fruit are hung from the roof—there are screens in each room between the door and the coffin; tea, fruit and any other kind of food which the dead person liked when on earth are placed on an altar before the coffin each morning. There are cardboard servants standing about to wait on him with pipes or cardboard cups of tea. There are also two handsome paper females placed there to guide his spirit on the way to heaven.

Saved by a Dream

A farmer living at Lapford, England, dreamed thrice in succession that he saw a pit dug in one of his fields and some of his property cast into it. At the third time of dreaming he got up, dressed and went out. He heard the thud of a spade and caught sight of a man digging by lantern light. The digger fled at his approach. It was a grave upon which he had been at work. By its brink lay a huge knife. On his way back the farmer met one of his maidservants. She had had a quarrel with the man to whom she had been engaged, she said, but he had prevailed upon her to meet him for the last time at 2 o'clock that morning, when he had something to show her. "This is what he had to show you," said the farmer, leading her to the grave.—London Tatler.

The Sinews of War

On the occasion of the annual encampment of a western militia one of the soldiers, a clerk who lived well at home, was experiencing much difficulty in disposing of his rations. A fellow sufferer near by was watching with no little amusement the first soldier's attempts to Fletcherize a piece of meat. "Any trouble, Tom?" asked the second soldier sarcastically.

"None in particular," was the response. Then, after a sullen survey of the bit of beef he held in his hand, the amateur fighter observed:

"Bill, I now fully realize what people mean when they speak of the sinews of war."

Lost Bark

Muggins, seeing a dead dog in the ditch, stopped and, after gazing intently at it, said to his companion, "Another shipwreck."

"Where?"

"There lies a bark that is lost for ever."

His companion growled and navigated on.—Exchange.

Inquisitive Girls.

Bessie—I almost hate Carrie Dyer! She asks such impudent questions, you know. I was telling her of Frank Barnes had asked me to marry him once he had asked me twenty times, and she had the impertinence to ask me if he had asked once. Minnie—The idea! But has he, Bessie?—Exchange.

Not Popular

"I don't take much stock in that scheme of yours," said the moneyed man.

"And no one else does either," responded the promoter.—Amateur Stage.

Wisdom

Wisdom may be compared to water. As water leaves the heights and gathers in the depths, so is wisdom received from on high and preserved by a lowly soul.—Talmud.

Tell your secrets and become a slave.—Sterne.

Stopping an Artery.

The prompt application of the tourniquet or even of the finger to stop the bleeding of an artery before the doctor comes will often save life. A wound anywhere below the middle of the upper arm or below the middle of the thigh may be easily stopped by a tourniquet. The simplest improvised form of this implement, which may be always found ready to hand, is a linen handkerchief and a strong stick. The best place to apply the tourniquet for a wound of the arm is above the elbow, where the pulsations of an artery may be felt by any one. The handkerchief should be tied around the arm rather loosely. The stick is thrust in and turned to tighten it until the blood ceases to flow. Of course this is only a temporary relief till the coming of the doctor, who in case of serious bleeding must be summoned as soon as possible. When you have nothing at hand in a case of sudden accident even the pressure of the forefinger and the thumb over the wound may arrest the flow of blood for the time.

Two Breakfasts In Berlin

There is not much to be got by the Berlin citizen in the way of breakfast—simply a cup of coffee and a roll or two. But along about 11 o'clock every day he starts for the cafe for a "second breakfast," generally a meat or a cheese sandwich. He makes up for his light ration at the 1 o'clock Mittagessen of [illegible] meat, vegetables, preserved fruits, pudding and wine or beer at one [illegible]. Then he does not [illegible] to business, but plays or [illegible] with his children fifteen or twenty minutes, rests or sleeps for thirty minutes, has a chat, a cup of coffee and a cigar and returns to business at 3 o'clock, there perhaps to work until 8 or 9 in the evening. Then he comes home again to a supper of cold meats, salads, cheese and beer, which will probably be followed by more beer as friends drop in to smoke the black German cigars and play skat or sixty-six.—Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

Seven Bells.

Everybody who knows anything about nautical matters understands the method of keeping time at sea by bells every four hours. From 6 to 8 in the evening is the second dogwatch, but on British ships seven bells (half past 7) of the second dogwatch are never struck. All other ships, even the American, strike these bells. During the Napoleonic wars there was a great mutiny in the British navy. The crews of the fleets lying at Spithead and the Nore agreed to rise simultaneously against their officers. The signal agreed upon was seven bells of the second dogwatch. The mutiny actually began at the arranged time, but failed, the ringleaders being executed. Ever since then seven bells of the second dogwatch has never been struck on British ships, naval or mercantile.

Ways of the Labrador Indians

The Labrador Indians when on a hunt stalk on in advance of the train with their arms, while the women, heavily laden with provisions and means of shelter, drag along slowly after. When the lords and masters begin to think of food time or wish in any way to leave some guide as to their progress for the squaws they thrust an upright spear or stick in the snow and draw in the snow the exact line of the shadow then cast. The women, toiling painfully along, note the spear and the progress of the shadow and know closely the difference of time. They know too whether they dare to linger for a few minutes' rest or if they must hastily catch the stick or spear and hurry on.

Right to the Point

Frank Finnegan, a Chicago newspaper man, was once sent to interview Charles T. Yerkes. In the outer offices of the traction juggler he was presented with a card like this:

Mr ....

wishes to see

Mr ....

About ....

Mr. Finnegan filled it out, and it was taken to the private office, where the rich man read:

"Mr. Finnegan wishes to see Mr. Yerkes about two minutes."

He got his interview too.—Chicago Post.

The Only Road

Some young divinity students were trying to drag Bishop Wilberforce into a discussion as to which was the best road to heaven.

"Well," said the bishop, "there is only one road to heaven that I know of, and that is to turn to the right and go straight on."

One of the Regulars.

"He's a pessimist."

"Worries over his bad luck, eh?"

"Oh, even optimists do that. This fellow's a regular pessimist. He worries over other people's bad luck."—Toledo Blade.

Some Fall.

"You were in on the ground floor of the scheme?"

"No, I was in the cupola. When the bottom dropped out I fell clear into the subcellar."—Exchange.

Mud Baths.

Meeker—This paper says that mud baths will cure rheumatism. Seeker—Nonsense. I've run for office three or four times, and it didn't do me a bit of good.—Chicago News.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!—Shakespeare.

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Under the Shadow of Baldhead

A Mining Expert Who Held Honor Above Love

By George Ethelbert Walsh

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The [illegible] light [illegible] lamp [illegible] the plain [illegible].

In the murky light the dark heavy bearded faces took on a grimmer expression than by daylight and the shifting gaze of eyes was [illegible] to cause apprehension. But Bertran had not followed his profession of expert mining engineer without acquiring a certain amount of courage to carry him through unpleasant and even dangerous situations.

"CHARLEY, ARE YOU IN THIS DEAL TOO?"

"Well, gentlemen," [illegible] exclaimed after [illegible] the circle, "I suppose [illegible] something to say [illegible]."

"You have [illegible] the [illegible] of the mine. [illegible]"

"Yes, my work is finished, and I shall [illegible]"

[illegible]

I [illegible] turned [illegible] toward the [illegible]

"You know [illegible] been [illegible] of my [illegible]"

[illegible] its value is [illegible] what value [illegible]

Bertran [illegible]

"It would [illegible] dishonorable for me to do [illegible]," replied quietly.

Topham [illegible] up to this point had remained [illegible] listener suddenly burst [illegible] sharply:

"What is your price for the information? We'll meet you on reasonable grounds."

Bertran swung around angrily, a sharp retort on his lips. But the row of grim faces dissuaded him. They were not men easily intimidated. The rugged, scarred faces were not pleasant to look at. With a sudden change of his features Montrous took up his companion's lead and added:

"We'll not mince matters, Mr. Bertran. There are millions in that mine. You know it and we know it. Send in a report to suit us and your fortune is made. One fourth interest—a million or more will be your share."

The full extent of their plan was revealed by this blunt speech. Bertran disliked circumlocution, and now that he knew fully their scheme he breathed easier. He breathed easier for another reason. A fourth share of the mine meant that there were only three in the conspiracy. This let out Charley Ross—Charley, who had been so dear to him in the old college days. Good natured, but weak in character and easily led, Bertran had feared that the friend of his younger days had become involved in the swindle. It was for Charley's sake and another's—that he had felt the painfulness of his position.

When he came west in the interest of the owners of the Baldhead he had no thought of meeting Charley Ross. The reunion had been more pleasant because of the presence of another. Vera Ross had always been a shadowy myth to him. He had met her in the east, but always, it seemed to his imagination, in short dresses and plaited hair hanging down a slim white neck. It was a pleasant and startling surprise to find her a woman in the full bloom of her maidenly beauty.

"I regret, gentlemen," he began slowly, but with such evident meaning in his words that the three men frowned.

Topham, impulsive and brutal in speech, interrupted quickly:

"You know the alternative."

He placed his hand menacingly on his hip.

"Wait one minute."

Carstack held up a warning hand and turned toward the door. The others [illegible] waited [illegible] the [illegible] dinner [illegible] the man then opened again and admitted another. Bertran looked through the smoke laden atmosphere at the newcomer and then started visibly.

"Charley—you here?" he said abruptly.

Charley Ross, vigorously supported by Carstack in the rear, stepped half willingly toward the center of the room. His eyes did not look at his friend, and his bronzed face was pale. Bertran surveyed him silently and apprehensively.

"Charley," he said softly, "I am sorry that you have come. This is no place for us. Come away with me."

For reply the boy—he was not much more than a boy in looks—glanced swiftly down the row of grim faces and then pleadingly into the eyes of Bertran.

"Charley, are you in this deal too?" Bertran asked sorrowfully.

The boy with the eyes of his sister nodded, his lips refusing to perform their duty.

"And you wish me to make a false report of this mine's worth to my employers—"

He stopped, the words choking him. Then with a smile on his lips he said firmly:

"But I cannot do it, not even for your sake, Charley."

"Then then do it for—for Vera's sake."

Had the man struck him in the face he could not have made a deeper impression on Bertran. His cheeks went suddenly pale and then flushed hotly. What right had even Charley to use his sister's name in such an infamous bargain? He turned as if to resent it with all the strength of his nature.

"You mean that—for Vera's sake?" Bertran stammered brokenly, his eyes still on [illegible].

"You mean it," Bertran repeated in a hollow voice.

The boy [illegible] then [illegible] turned [illegible]

"Yes. [illegible] for Vera's sake. [illegible] and it will [illegible] sake—and—"

The lips refused to speak the [illegible] further. The [illegible] died in a guttural murmur in his throat.

[illegible] his hand and [illegible] toward the table. [illegible] attempting [illegible] it [illegible]

Charley [illegible] answer.

Over his shoulder Carstack read the words. The [illegible] features [illegible] handed the paper [illegible] Charley [illegible] and passed it round to his companions. It was [illegible] worded:

Messrs. Flac[illegible] Wiltshir[illegible] & C[illegible], New York City.

Have [illegible] thorough examination of Baldhead [illegible] offer [illegible] report by mail.

WILLARD BERTRAN.

"You may send [illegible] in my name," Bertran said with a sneer, "and my report by mail will be of the same tenor."

Carstack stepped forward and extended a hand. Bertran pushed it away angrily.

"I do not want your congratulations nor your money," he said hotly, striding toward the door.

"But your share," Carstack began greedily.

Bertran turned at the door and faced them for the last time, his eyes blazing.

"Do you think I would touch any of your money, you dastardly cowards? I do it because—because —"

Then he flung himself from the room, his whole body trembling with excitement and wrath.

From the shadows of the cabin a dark figure flitted, crossing a patch of moonlight to the darkened blotch of stunted trees beyond. Bertran gave a sudden start and then followed. He caught up with the figure just as it was disappearing in the shadow of the trees.

"Vera," he called softly.

"Vera!" he repeated as the figure continued onward in its flight.

A few more quick strides brought him abreast of her, and then standing athwart the pathway he compelled her to halt or turn aside.

"Vera," he said for the third time—"Vera, you have heard all."

She did not answer, but he needed no words to convince him.

"Vera," he went on tenderly, reaching out to grasp her hand, but she withdrew it swiftly and shrank back a pace. Unswerved by the action and strangeness of the girl's look he went on with his declaration. "If you heard all you know what I would say to you now."

She checked him with a mute gesture, a deep sadness in her face and eyes.

"Not now, please," she murmured. "I—I must go away and—and think."

But he had no intention of permitting her to escape—not until he had made her understand.

"I must explain, dear," he added with a smile.

"Is it necessary now?" she asked hopelessly. "I heard it all and—and know why you did it. But—but is it right? Can a woman accept love without honor—under such conditions? Oh, I cannot explain it. I do not know how you men look at these things. But a woman must believe in a man's word, know that he is honorable even among men and that his word is—is"—

She [illegible] and turned away with a weary gesture. There was a pathetic droop to her shoulders. Her mind was struggling hopelessly between desire and a sense of ethical grief. The man she loved had betrayed his trust, yielded to the intimidations of others, but for what purpose? For the love of a woman. Oh, she could not believe that bribery had had any weight in the decision. He had scorned to touch the reward offered him, had refused to do it for her brother's sake, but could she love him so well for yielding for her sake?

Then a flush of shame mounted her cheek and forehead when she recalled the words of Charley. She needs the money, and it will make life so different to her.

She bit her lip and faced him resolutely. Her pride would not permit her to touch his hand. The words marked [illegible] impossible [illegible]. With quiet reserve she drew herself to her full height, and with frankness [illegible] ing his [illegible]:

"There is no need of explaining. I understand all and—and thank you for your consideration of me." The words came hard. "For Charley was beside himself frightened into that confession and knew not what he was saying. He is weak and easily led, but I thought you were [illegible]."

"Vera," he interrupted as her words trailed off on her lips, and then his eyes lingered awhile to search his face—"Vera, there is a misunderstanding. Poor little girl! You have been sorely tried—a weak brother and a lover who yielded to a great temptation."

He paused a moment, then took her hand in his and turned her [illegible] he could look her squarely in the eyes.

"Not even for your love, dear, would I have sold my reputation and honor to those villains," he said tenderly, but with a [illegible] smile on his [illegible].

"If it [illegible] it [illegible] It was not Charley's [illegible] that [illegible]"

She [illegible] but [illegible] expression [illegible] Still holding her a half willing prisoner, he continued:

"I have [illegible] my [illegible] raised my honor nor [illegible] conspirators. [illegible] I [illegible] left [illegible] triumph [illegible] than [illegible] vein of [illegible] which [illegible] meant [illegible] false [illegible] It [illegible] went [illegible] report [illegible] ness to perpetrate this swindle and make me and poor Charley a party to it they have actually paved the way to their own ruin. Let them have the mine. It will never reward them for their villainy."

"THERE IS NO NEED OF EXPLAINING"

The moon's white light was obscured by the peak of old Baldhead, and the grim shadow cast athwart the landscape encompassed them. When it deepened so their figures were invisible they were entwined as one. In the cabin near by the three conspirators gloated over their blundering swindle, a beardless boy cowering before them in abject mental torture. But the lovers waited long and patiently for his release—waited until the dews of night grew heavy and chilly—until the glow of a new day bathed old Baldhead in a new light and reawakened the sensuous world of nature. Then he came, and love made amends for poor, weak, frail, human nature.

The Settler's Daughter

She Chose Her Own Way of Showing Gratitude

By SARAH BRYCE VAUGHAN

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While the Emery family were sitting at supper Phoebe, a girl of twelve, saw through the open door a man on horseback galloping straight for the house.

He rode right up to the door and cried out to the husband and father:

"Mr. Emery, the body of Ben Armstrong, with whom you had the trouble last week, has been found with a bullet hole in his head. An excited crowd of his friends is coming to lynch you. Come, hurry up. I must put you in the jail before they get here."

"But, sheriff, I haven't seen Armstrong since the day he threatened to kill me."

"That doesn't matter. Suspicion points to you, and they won't give you a chance to defend yourself.

"GET OUT A HORSE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN"

Come, get out a horse as quick as you can and go with me to the jail. If I get you in there they'll have to pass over my dead body to get you out."

It may be it was these stirring words that fixed the picture of Sheriff John Winslow on Phoebe Emery's mind.

"Go with him!" cried Mrs. Emery, terror stricken.

"Go with him, papa!" cried Phoebe.

"I reckon you're right, sheriff," said Emery. And making a dash for the barn he saddled a horse and, embracing his wife and children, who had followed him, he mounted, and the two men galloped away. Before their horses' hoof beats had died in the distance others were heard coming from an opposite direction, and in a few minutes an excited mob surrounded the house.

"Where's Emery?" cried the leader to the wife, whose children clung to her in terror.

"He's not here. What do you want with him?"

"Not here? We'll find out whether he's here or not." And half a dozen of the party, throwing themselves off their horses, entered the house and ransacked it.

"The bird has flown," said the leader. "Like enough Jack Winslow has warned him."

"But Jack wouldn't let a man under charge of murder go," said another. "More'n likely he's taken Emery to jail to keep him from us. If he has you might as well let the law take its course. The sheriff ain't going to give him up—that is, Jack will die before he'll let any of his prisoners be taken away from him."

"He will, eh!" exclaimed the leader. "Then there'll be two funerals. Come on, boys! To the jail!"

What a night for the Emery family! Only the younger ones slept. Neither Mrs. Emery nor Phoebe closed their eyes. The mother moaned and cried out from time to time: "They've taken him from the jail! He's swinging! I know he is! Oh, heavens, I shall go mad!"

"Mother, didn't you hear the sheriff say that they'd have to kill him too?"

"Oh, don't talk to me! Your father is dead—hanged for a murder he never committed. I was only afraid that Armstrong would kill him. Armstrong was a bad man—a horrid man. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

All night the little girl strove to keep up a ray of hope in her mother, and when day dawned the child had left childhood. From that night she acted the part of a woman.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning that Cyrus Crowfeet rode up to the cabin. Phoebe saw him coming and went out to meet him that she might beg him to break any bad news he might have gently to her mother. But Mrs. Emery followed her wildly crying:

"Is it all over? Have they killed him? Tell me quick!"

"I have come to let you know, Mrs. Emery, that the sheriff concluded not to stop at the jail, but kept right on. The mob, not finding them there, scattered, some of them going to their homes and a few taking the road to Marion. But I don't think they'll catch 'em."

"Thank heaven!" cried the woman, clasping her hands fervently.

"Thank you for coming to tell us, Mr. Crowfeet," said Phoebe as the man rode away.

* * * * * * *

The next appearance of Phoebe Emery in this story is six years later. She is eighteen years old, and nature has endowed her with a face and figure singularly attractive. Strong and beautiful characters are often made so as much by environment as by heredity. Phoebe's experience as a child and her own inherent strength had developed her into a very different person from the average girl of eighteen. The mob disappointed in finding her father had drunken with liquor, had returned and forced his wife and children out of their home by burning it. But he had been saved to them, and as soon as he could safely communicate with them he had done so. Then the real murderer of Armstrong turned up, and a committee of citizens had gone to Emery and invited him to return to them. But he declined.

Emery established himself in one of those rapidly growing western towns which throw off their childhood with in a few years and become cities. There his children were educated and became accustomed to city ways and manners. Phoebe became an accomplished girl and when she was nineteen years old was the acknowledged belle of her social circle.

One evening at a ball Miss Emery was standing in the center of a group of young men who were vying with one another to engage her for the dances. Happening to glance toward the entrance, she saw a man enter and stand looking as if attracted by curiosity, but too retiring to join the gay throng. She saw in the man who shrank from elbowing his way through the immaculately dressed young people assembled for the dance Sheriff Jack Winslow. Before her flashed a picture of his stalwart figure riding over the plain to warn her father of his danger at the risk of his own life. He had changed but little. She had budded from childhood to womanhood. Even if at the time he had come to her former home he had not been preoccupied with his warning, she was then too young for him to have noticed her, and now changed as she was he would not, in any event, have recognized in her the little girl of half a dozen years ago. Phoebe knew him the moment her eyes rested upon him.

The German cotillion was introduced that evening for the first time in the assembly. Jack Winslow, though he had danced in barns, did not consider himself sufficiently polished to take part in a society dance. [illegible] he was not [illegible] nor did he wear a low cut white vest. So he concluded to sit out the cotillion by himself.

Various figures were danced, and finally one was introduced wherein a lady was seated by herself in the middle of the room holding a hand mirror. The young men one by one were brought up behind her. She looked at their reflections in the mirror, and when the one she wished to dance with appeared she chose him for a partner.

When it came Phoebe's time, as her turn to take the chair [illegible] other [illegible] seemed [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] and all were rejected. [illegible] the less desirable [illegible] unknown men were tried to meet a like fate. Almost every man who was dancing the cotillion had been tried up and sent back to his seat.

Naturally the [illegible] by this time excited attention. What did it mean? That the lady desired to snub the men or had not the right man been found? The leader, having exhausted those who were in the cotillion, now turned his attention to the few others who were not. They were all known except Jack Winslow. Every man in the room except himself was taken up and rejected. Finally, amid excited chatter, the leader approached the last man. Jack saw the eyes of every one turned upon him.

"Go away," he said, red as a beet. "I don't know the lady."

"Come," replied the leader. "Every man must be tried."

Jack was dragged unwillingly behind the chair in which Phoebe was sitting. He was about to turn away when she arose from her chair, put one hand on his shoulder and sailed away amid a burst of applause.

The interest excited was short lived except for one person. That person was Jack Winslow. After dancing a few minutes the couple seated themselves, and Jack said:

"Will you kindly explain this unusual attention with which you have honored me?"

"Not till I have 'honored' you with another. I wish you to be my escort to my home."

"And then?"

"You will understand it all."

"Let us go at once."

"I am ready."

Later the two ascended the steps of a dwelling, and the girl rang. A man opened the door, but the darkness prevented him and Winslow from getting a good view of each other.

"Come in," said Phoebe.

They entered a parlor, and Phoebe turned up a gas jet.

"Great Scott, sheriff!" exclaimed the man, grasping Jack's hand in both of his. "Where did you come from?"

"And you"— cried Jack, turning to Phoebe.

"I am the daughter of the man whose life you saved."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Table Rules For Little Folks.

In silence I must take my seat
And give God thanks before I eat,
Must for my food in patience wait
Till I am asked to hand my plate.
I must not scold nor whine nor pout
Nor move my chair or plate about.
With knife or fork or anything
I must not play, nor must I sing.
I must not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen, not heard.
I must not talk about my food
Nor fret if I don't think it good.
I must not say, "The bread is old,
The tea is hot, the coffee's cold."
I must not cry for this or that
Nor murmur if my meat is fat.
My mouth with food I must not crowd
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud.
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze
And when I ask say, "If you please."
The tablecloth I must not spoil
Nor with my food my fingers soil.
Must keep my seat when I have done
Nor round the table sport or run.
When told to rise then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all his wondrous love.

A Brave Mother Rat.

A cat that lives at one of the police stations in New York city went nosing about in the basement and found a nest full of baby rats. She started in to eat them, but the mother rat came out of the dark and jumped at the intruder. There was a little fight, and then the cat backed out. She went upstairs and got another cat, and the two went down to the basement. It needed more than two cats, though. The rat beat off both her enemies and followed them upstairs and out into the street. Somebody set a dog into the fight, but the dog got tired after he had been bitten a few times, and he gave up the fight, like the cats. The rat was victorious, but she had been hurt so much in the battle that a policeman shot her to put her out of pain, and then the baby rats, of course, had to be drowned.

The Bluebird.

There is an old Indian legend that the bluebird was a piece of the sky which came down to live on earth. It surely looks as if this were true, for his head, back, wings and tail have the lovely blue color of the spring sky on a sunny day. Though he is now really a bird of the earth, the bluebird seems to enjoy getting back as near the sky as he can, and we often hear his call come floating down when he is so far above as to be out of sight.

The bluebird is not entirely blue. Indeed, he is said to be the most patriotic of birds, for his colors are red, white and blue. With the blue above and with a red breast and white underneath, the little fellow surely seems to be doing his best to display our nation's colors. The soft warble of the bluebird is one of the most delightful signs of spring.

Glass Sandpaper.

"There is no sand in sandpaper," said the manufacturer. "It is a powdered glass that does the business. That's where the broken bottles go." He nodded toward a pile of broken bottles in the yard. "We powder the glass into half a dozen different grades," he said. "We coat our paper with an even layer of hot glue. Then, without loss of time, we spread over the glass powder. Finally, we run a wooden roller lightly over the sheets to give them a good surface. When, in the past, sandpaper was made of sand it wouldn't do a quarter of the work glass paper does."

Conundrums.

Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed and finally becomes the flower of the family.

What is that which is sometimes with a head, without a head, with a tail and without a tail? A wig.

When are tailors and house agents both in the same business? When they gather the rents.

Why are the tallest people the laziest? Because they are always longer in bed than others.

What class of women are apt to give tone to society? The belles (bells).

The French Scholars.

According to a recent college professor, three French boys were studying "Hamlet," and their task was to render the soliloquy "To be or not to be" from French into English.

This is what the professor read on the three respective papers:

"To was or not to am."

"To were or is to not?"

"To should or not to will."

Now you, my friends who study French, can say to them "It serves you right."

About the Sloth.

A sloth will feed on the leaves, buds and young shoots of a single tree without once descending from the branches so long as food lasts, though sometimes it will pass from one tree to another if it can do so without going to the ground. Instead of walking on the branches it swings beneath them with its back downward. Its coarse, shaggy hair looks like grass withered in the sun and gives it such an appearance that it cannot be readily seen except when in motion.

The Civil War.

The dates officially recognized as the beginning and the end of the civil war are Jan. 9, 1861, when the United States steamship Star of the West was fired on by state troops in Charleston harbor, and April 3, 1866, when the president proclaimed the rebellion at an end.

A MEXICAN HEROINE.

The Devoted Wife of the Mexican Revolutionary Leader.

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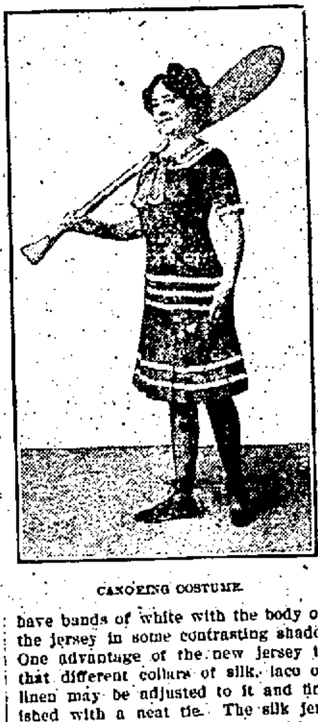
MME. MADERO.

No matter what may be the fortunes of war, the wife of General Francisco I. Madero has before her no path of roses. Should failure come to her husband a tragic death is likely to be his fate. Should he be successful the jealousies of his unstable associates are almost as much to be feared as the vengeance of his enemies. Truly this is no happy lot, and the face of Mme. Madero is that of a harassed and unhappy woman. People who imagine the Mexican revolutionists to be persons of no particular refinement or education are mistaken, in the case of the Maderos at least. The grandfather of General Madero came from Portugal, where the family was of some consequence. The grandfather was himself a revolutionist and was instrumental in the dethronement of the Emperor Maximilian. The Madero family is one of wealth. They are rated as millionaires, owning vast plantations and valuable mines. General Madero's seven brothers were, like himself, educated in the United States and in Europe. They have traveled extensively and moved in the best society. The family have been in the habit of visiting New York for a part of every year. Mrs. Francisco Madero has been accustomed to shopping on Broadway, on Bond street and in the Rue de la Paix. From the most luxurious of surroundings this devoted woman is ready to follow her husband to the wild scenes and the discomforts of the insurrecto camp. There her fingers are deft in ministering to the wounded, and wherever she appears—for General Madero does not allow her to follow his fortunes from battle to battle—she is hailed by officers and men.

THE NEW JERSEY.

Suitable For Boating, Bathing or Any Other Outdoor Sport.

The outdoor girl is very fond of the silk jersey this season, partly because it is so becoming and comfortable and partly because it enables her to achieve many apparent changes in her costume by making use of different skirts. The jersey is used by the girl who goes canoeing or rowing, by the disciple of golf or tennis or croquet, or it may be a part of the sea bathers' costume. These outing jerseys are made with low necks and elbow sleeves and are generally in two colors. Some of them have bands of white with the body of the jersey in some contrasting shade. One advantage of the new jersey is that different collars of silk, lace or linen may be adjusted to it and finished with a neat tie. The silk jersey is a high favorite with the girl of faultless figure, but it reveals the lines of the form too frankly to be safe for those who have many angles.



CANOEING COSTUME.

Rice Cleanser.

Ground rice is excellent for cleaning white cloth. It should be applied with a piece of clean white flannel, left for two or three hours and then well brushed and shaken.

Milady's Mirror

A Beautiful Arm.

In developing the curves which should show on the fore arm a ten minute—not too violent—dumbbell exercise daily is an excellent thing. The dumbbells should weigh one pound. Clinching the hands with arm extended and lifting the hand up and down by bending the wrist will work wonders in a short time. If the skin on the upper arm is rough and red an occasional use may be made of pumice stone dipped in lemon juice diluted with water. The arms should not be exposed to the air unless rubbed with cold cream and covered with powdered oatmeal or some good dusting powder.

For pointed elbows soaking in hot water for ten minutes and then massaging with a cream which has a basis of olive oil is a good thing. For fattening the arms in general bathe them alternately in hot and cold water, finishing with cold. In drying the flesh it is a mistake to rub too hard, but if the drying process is not thorough the skin will become coarse. It is seldom that arms are too fat. For such cases there are several massage rollers which if applied will cause the flesh to melt away like dew before the morning sun. If the wrist is properly exercised it will keep slender, and then it would be difficult to imagine a too fat arm. The fingers should all be exercised separately by making each of them meet the thumb tip to tip, forming a round, then opening and closing twenty times in succession. This will be found to add greatly to the "expression" of the hands, which forms a most subtle attraction.

For the Housewife.

Immediately after washing the dishes and pans the housewife's hands should be carefully washed in clean warm water with the toilet soap, using a nailbrush at the same time. There will be a tremendous saving to the fingers if the pans are washed by putting a strong soap powder into them as soon as removed from the stove, adding a little hot water and then replacing them on the stove for a few minutes.

When the water comes to a boil a small stiff brush may be washed around in the tins. They are rinsed in clear water and are scrupulously clean without the fingers having come into contact with the grease.

When the fingers have been washed and wiped the nails and backs of the hands are to be thoroughly rubbed with vaseline or cold cream and gloves drawn on. They should be worn all the time that sweeping and dusting are being done. On finishing the housework the gloves are removed and the skin will be found soft and smooth.

If any cream adheres it may be washed off, wiping with a dry towel.

This treatment will keep the skin soft, no matter what work is done.

Health For the Hair.

To keep the hair healthy as well as clean it should be massaged regularly for a few minutes every night and if possible every morning as well. Pass the tips of the fingers lightly but firmly all over the scalp with a rotary movement. This treatment, combined with plenty of brushing in the open air, will do more toward making the scalp healthy and producing a thick, vigorous growth of hair than any other known method. It will also prevent the hair from falling out.

With some present modes of coiffure the woman who has not much hair of her own has to supplement with false hair, and, though this is unpleasant, it cannot well be avoided. But wear as little of it as you can do with and have it cleaned regularly.

To Soften Water.

When the skin is affected by the hardness of the water add this lotion to the water and it will soften it: Borax, one-half ounce; almond meal, three ounces; powdered orris root, one ounce; fine oatmeal, three ounces. Mix thoroughly, divide into small portions and tie up into little muslin bags. Soak one of the bags overnight in the water to be used for washing in the morning and the water will be soft and the complexion much improved.

Combs and Hairpins.

Wear as few hairpins and combs as possible, as these drag the hair and stop it from growing, and, above all, if you want thick, healthy hair be careful of your brushes and combs. Have them washed at least once a week, and never make use of public dressing room brushes and combs, which in all probability have not a large acquaintance with soap and water and may have been last used by—who knows?

Hand Soap.

A homemade soap to whiten the hands and face may be made as follows: Lemon juice, one wineglassful; eau de cologne, one wineglassful; a good brown soap, two cakes. Scrape the soap to a fine powder, mix with the other ingredients and use instead of ordinary soap when washing the hands.

Woman's World

Women Who Have Successfully Invaded the Realm of Air.

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MLLE JEANETTE.

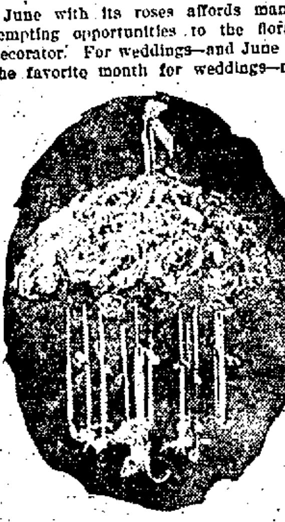
Persons who have delved into the history of aviation tell us that some of the first and most fearless balloonists were women. Therefore it is not surprising, now that the more speedy flying machine provides means of transportation for those who would invade the realm of birds and angels, that the petticoated sex should be among the pioneers. Aviation is a sport that only rich people can afford, for there is not only the initial cost of a machine, but the expense of numerous repairs incidental on the inevitable smashups. Frenchwomen have taken up the sport with great enthusiasm. There is a French aero nautical society especially for women, and in England many smart women, notably the Duchess of Beaufort, are practical aviators. In this country Mrs. Katherine Clemmons Gould was one of the first women to take an interest in aviation. Mrs. Cortland Bishop is said to know more of the science than most American women and to have made some ascents. Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston made one flight with Mr. Grahame-White, the English aviator, which inspired her with an admiration for the sport. A number of other society women, among them Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, are said to have tried the charms of flying. Miss Harriet Quinby, who is taking daily flights on Long Island, expects to qualify as a sky pilot.

Frenchwomen, however, lead in this daring sport. Mlle. Dutrieu, who recently remained in the air continuously for two hours and thirty-five minutes, in which time she flew over 103 miles, is one of the most famous women champions. So, too, is Mlle. Jeanette, who is now in this country competing for prizes at various aviation meets. She created a sensation by her daring flying on Long Island.

WEDDING DECORATION.

A Rose Parasol Instead of the Usual Bridal Bell.

June with its roses affords many tempting opportunities to the floral decorator. For weddings—and June is the favorite month for weddings—no prettier idea could be devised than that of substituting for the hackneyed wedding bell a floral parasol under which the bride and bridegroom may stand during the ceremony or at the reception. The roses and smilax are mounted on a skeleton parasol frame. Pink or white roses are suitable, the garden rose or the hothouse variety being adapted to the purpose.



BRIDAL DECORATION.

Fashion's Fads.

One of the newest pins for the hair has a pronounced outward curve at the top on the order of a hooked handle. This enables it to slip over the puffs and curls, so much worn.

Silks, challies and cottons show a tendency to having a supplementary border of solid tone. An idea of the most novel effects may be gained by mentioning a new tulle of white with a scattered pattern of dull red roses and soft green foliage. The border was in Greek key effect, and beneath there appeared a band of solid black.

The Retort Caustic.

"No, indeed," said the conceited young puppy who had been asked whether he had attended a certain select dance. "I—aw—only associate with my equals, you know."

"Really?" responded a witty young lady. "You should aim higher than that!"—London Telegraph.

The Proof.

"If your wife is such a terribly good cook why don't you eat more dinners at home?"

"Gee! How would I know how good she could cook if I didn't eat somewhere else?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Matinee Idol.

"He's a stickler for realism."

"Yes, but he carries it to excess. In the second scene he is supposed to be severely wounded, and he has a surgeon issue bulletins between the acts."—Pittsburg Post.

The Addition.

"What makes you act so grouchy this morning, Dobkins?"

"Had an addition to my family."

"What? Why, you ought to be ashamed to be gloomy over that! To think that a normal human being should be angry because of the advent of such a cherub! Do you actually grudge a place in your happy home to an innocent creature fresh from heaven, bringing with it the very fragrance of those celestial realms? Do you greet with an unwelcoming chill a small epitome of all purity and sweetness given into your keeping as a priceless though undeserved treasure by a too benevolent Providence? A lovely copy of what fancy feigns the angels to be like—a tiny shred of grace and glory snatched from the"—

"Say, that's very pretty, but do you know you're talking about my mother-in-law?"—New York Journal.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the Supervisors of Lafayette Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, will receive sealed bids for opening, making and constructing a road, beginning at the center of the road leading from Westline to the Kane and Lafayette road at a point North 0 degrees, 30 minutes East, 186 feet from where the east side, produced, of R. Dewey's house intersects the center of said road, and ending at the junction of the road from Kane to Lafayette, in accordance with report of viewers filed in the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Dec. 12, 1910, and approved and confirmed by said Court. Bids must be in the hands of Wm. Doyle of Marshburg, Pa., secretary of said Supervisors, on or before 8 p. m., June 30, 1911.

Said bids will be opened and the contract let at Mt. Alton, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, July 1st, 1911.

Said supervisors reserve the right to reject any or all bids. A full description of said road may be obtained from said Wm. Doyle, Secretary. The successful bidder must furnish bond as may be required by said Supervisors.

WM. DOYLE, Secretary,
Marshburg, Pa.
Dated June 1st, 1911. Jun8-4t

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming inplements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

For Sale or Rent.

My house on South street, this borough. Inquire of

May18-tf E. M. CHEESEMAN.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

For Sale.

House and lot, two horses, cow, three buggies, surrey, surrey bobs, cutter, double driving harness, double work harness, two single harnesses, white rock hens, collie dog.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE,
Jun15-tf Smethport Pa.

Like other Lamp Oils as a sunny day is to a cloudy day. Burns clear, full and steady. Burns to very last drop without re-adjusting wick. The best oil made.

Family Favorite

is the oil for you—costs no more than inferior tank-wagon oils. Your dealer has it in original barrels direct from our refineries.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
INDEPENDENT REFINERS
PITTSBURG, PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG

DID YOU EVER CATCH YOURSELF

wishing that you had brought along with you on your outing something bracing and that would touch the right spot? When going on your vacation don't neglect to take a bottle of our fine, smooth and velvety whiskey or brandy for medicinal purposes. You don't know when you may need it and you get it pure and of fine flavor.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of

SPRING AND SUMMER WOOLENS

From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.

BAKER & GELDER
Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters
Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.
Olean House Block, Olean, N. Y.